★ Aug. 26, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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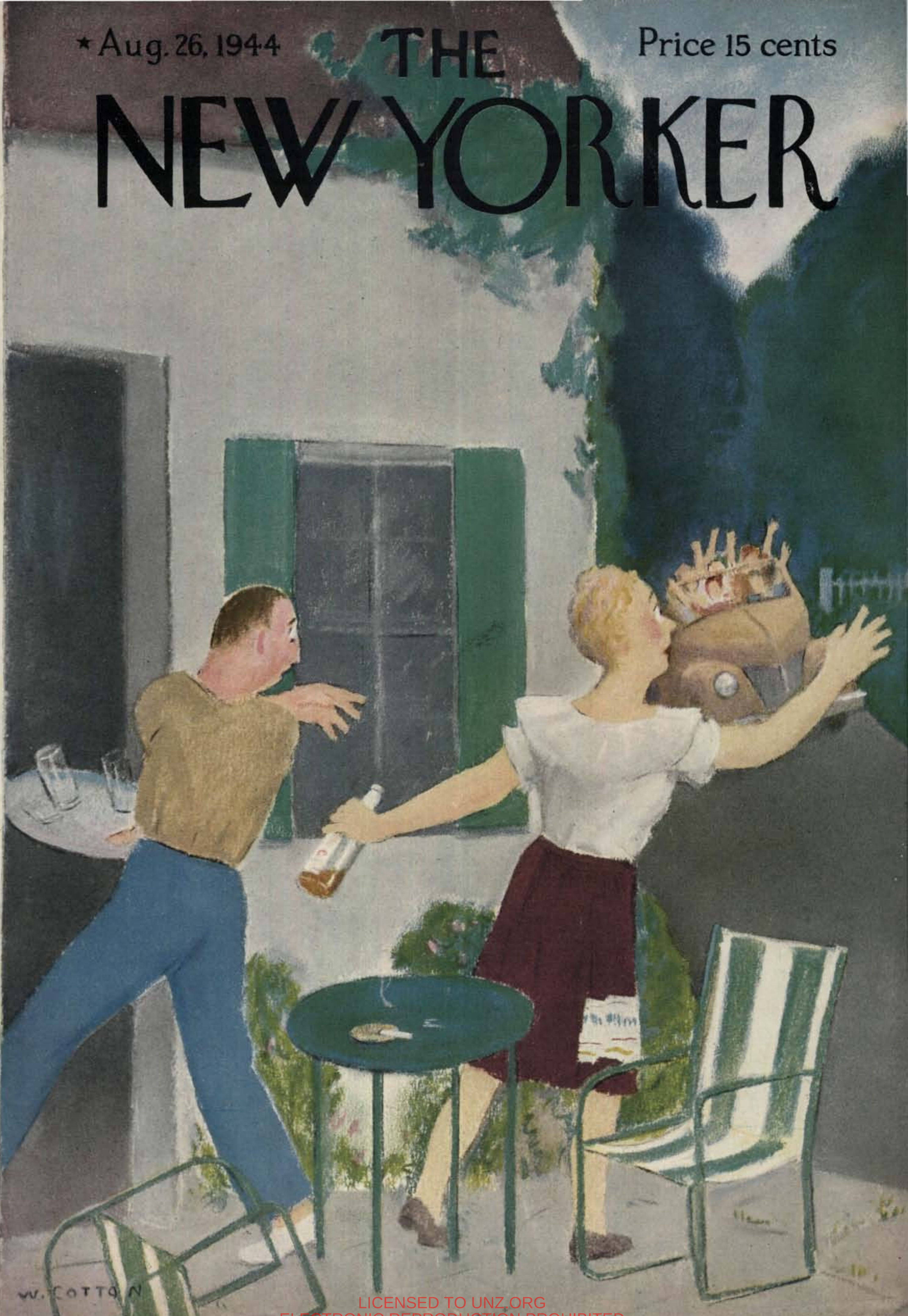

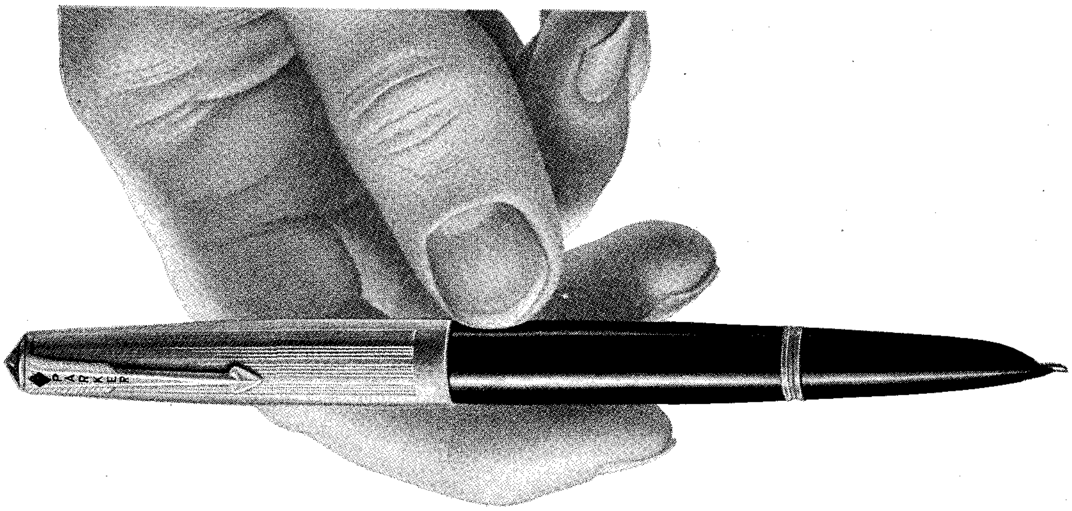

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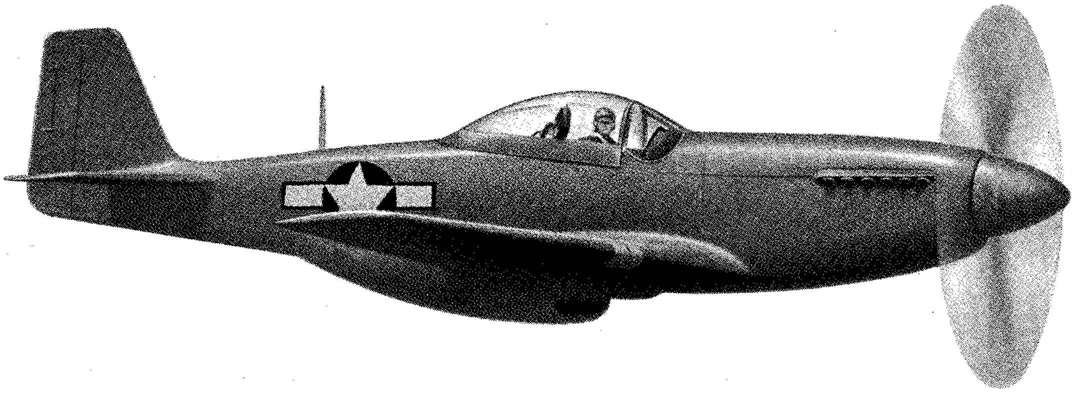

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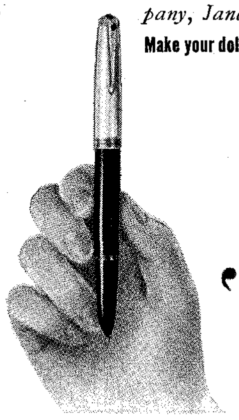

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 24,
THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller, now in its third year. Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Catherine Was Great—Mae West as the author and star of a very strange piece of nonsense about the Empress of Russia. Miss West's new tendency to confuse herself with Duse rather spoils what might have been a funny show. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Chicken Every Sunday—An amiable play about a Tucson landlady and her impractical husband. You might do much worse. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of a play by Franz Werfel. A really superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of melodrama. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its fifth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Pick-Up Girl—An earnest play about how those little girls who hang around Times Square got the way they are. Possibly more interesting as propaganda than playwriting. With William Harrigan and Pamela Rivers. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman looks back over the history of Fascism and adds a few thoughts about love. A little confused and disappointing but certainly something for you to see. The cast, assembled by Herman Shumlin, includes Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Montgomery Clift. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699 Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—Mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. The play takes a while to get started but finally develops into something of a thriller. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy, with a small, expert cast consisting of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. Reopens Mon., Aug. 28. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II readjusted the story and the lyrics, and Billy Rose is the fortunate producer. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a musical about nothing very much. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Irina Baronova and Jackie Gleason. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a big, beautiful show in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.... Special Mats. for men and women in the services Tues. Afts. at 2:30, with tickets on sale at the C.D.V.O. Information Center, Park at 42.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue that comes to life, to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some wonderful ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Song of Norway—An operetta by Milton Lazarus, based on the life and music of Edvard Grieg. Produced by Edwin Lester. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

Lower North—A comedy by Martin Bidwell, with Arthur Hunnicutt, Rusty Lane, and Kim Spalding. Produced by Max J. Jelin. Opens Thurs., Aug. 24. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Last Stop—Minnie Dupree, Catharine Doucet, and Seth Arnold in a play by Irving Kaye Davis. Staged by Irwin Piscator and produced by Victor Hugo-Vidal. Opens Mon., Aug. 28. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Anna Lucasta—A play by Philip Yordan with an all-Negro cast. Directed by Harry Wagstaff Gribble and produced by John Wildberg. Opens Wed., Aug. 30. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Sleep No More—A farce by Lee Loeb and Arthur Strawn, with Patricia Ryan and Robert Armstrong. Staged by Cledge Roberts and produced by Clyde Elliott. Opens Thurs., Aug. 31. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music, or other entertainment, or both. A number of them are closed or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's mannerly orchestra plays in this pleasant, summery room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Burl Ives, Hazel Scott, and Eddie Heywood's orchestra; i.e., why ever go home?

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—The old, original, down-cellar stand, with solid jazz by Ed Hall's orchestra and solid folk songs by Josh White.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Life in a boiler factory, with a rambling show headed by Frank Fay's wistful monologue; Shep Fields' orchestra and a rumba band.... The gaudy Copa Bar has the Morty Reid Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Peacock Alley, Vanity Fair, and Navy Day, all in one small room. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band play for the parade.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For a peaceful dinner and sedate romping afterward to the music of Eddie Davis and Michael Lo Scalzo.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Night life as you see it in the movies, Technicolor and all. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the ingenious mind reader, and Stanley Melba's orchestra will be in the stately Cotillion Room through Wed., Aug. 30, after which it closes for a few days.... The Café Pierre, where you will find another Melba orchestra, will stay open. Tea dancing daily.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Just the place for a romantic summer vacation, with Fred Miller's orchestra for dinner and supper dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The Café Lounge, large and dressy, is enlivened by Bob Simone's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The young folk at home. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Dacita's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Nat Brandwynne's orchestra plays for dinner and supper on the great big Starlight Roof; after the theatre, there's a trio of acrobats (don't look at *us*) as well as Mischa Borr's orchestra.... Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy and her ditties about the horrors of life in the big city. ... **1-2-3 club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Ted Hunter provides a piano obbligato to the young people's subdued table talk.

Miscellaneous—At the **versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a show full of tasty show girls; Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band.... **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): little and luxurious; Dick Wilson's orchestra plays jauntily for dancing after 10 P.M.... **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): little and lighthearted; George Morris's orchestra plays for dancing after 11 P.M.... **casino russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra.... **astor roof**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): José Morand's rumba band, spelled by Sammy Kaye's orchestra. ... **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra plays for dancing after 10:15 P.M.... **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. ... **pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Woody Herman's orchestra.... **el chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band.

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Ma-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rine Roof of the **BOSSERT,** Montague and Hicks Sts., (MA 4-8100), with its view of the harbor and its open-air decks, now has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves. after 9 P.M.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Eddie Condon, Peewee Russell, and Muggsy Spanier scorching the midnight air. . . . **PIED PIPER,** 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): Max Kaminsky's nimble band, and fine piano playing by James P. Johnson and Willie the Lion Smith. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): nobby jazz by Stuff Smith's trio and Hot Lips Page's new quintet. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's full-blown clarinet and Adele Girard's hot harp are back home again. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): promising work by two newcomers, Charlie Shavers' band and Slam Stewart's trio. . . . **DOWN BEAT,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Billie Holiday and her desultory songs, along with some fair-to-middling hot music. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' trio thumping away; dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): the Leonard Ware Trio makes this one of the town's best cellars; dancing.

AL FRESCO—The **CLAREMONT INN,** Riverside Dr. at 124: for the fine view of the Hudson and (after 9:30 P.M.) dance music by a rumba band. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Pk. W. at 67: a night in the country with city trimmings, such as Dick Kuhn's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . **CENTRAL PARK ZOO:** the cafeteria there is crowded weekends but pleasant for a midweek breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave.: the **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8; **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,** 5 Ave. at 9; and **LONGCHAMPS,** 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

BRITISH—Contemporary paintings by Graham Sutherland, Paul Nash, R. W. Sickert, and John Piper: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Tues. through Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Aug. 31.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Fourteen paintings by van Gogh, from the collection of one of the artist's nephews. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 24.

THOMAS EAKINS—A somewhat abbreviated version of the Spring exhibition celebrating the centenary of his birth: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., Aug. 31.

EUROPEAN—Old and modern artists, including Cranach, van Goyen, Derain, and Vlaminck: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 1 P.M. and 2 to 4 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

FRENCH—At the **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57: Gauguin, Pissarro, Manet, Corot, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64: landscapes, most of them Impressionist. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., Aug. 31.

GROUPS—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: paintings by Stephen Csoka, Louis Bosa, Gerard Hordyk, and others. Weekdays, except Sat., Sept. 2, 12 noon to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); through Sept. 23. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: paintings by the gallery's group, including Waldo Peirce and Betty Parsons. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Aug. 31. . . . **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: Stephen Etnier, Leon Kroll, Maurice Sterne, Francis Speight, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 16. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: artists who exhibited here last season, among whom are Darrel Austin, Carol Blanchard, and Frederick Haucke. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 9. . . . **PUMA,** 108 W. 57: paintings by Fernando Puma, Janet Sobel, and others. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

IRANIAN INSTITUTE, 9 E. 89—A collection of Persian, Indian, and Chinese art. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—All the Museum's old masters back from their hideaway in Whitemarsh, Pa.; also, Greek paintings from the eighth century B.C. through the fourth century A.D., and (through Sept. 30) a large loan show of Russian ikons. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—An anniversary exhibition of the development of modern art in painting, sculpture, and architecture, as well as in industrial art, photography, the theatre, and motion pictures (through Oct. 8); also, prints by Stanley William Hayter and members of his studio workshop (through Sept. 17). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by thirty-six artists, many exhibiting here for the first time. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Dodgers, Fri., Aug. 25, at 8:45 P.M., Sat., Aug. 26, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., Aug. 27 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Boston, Mon. and Wed., Aug. 28 and 30, at 2:30 P.M., and Tues., Aug. 29 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Washington, Thurs., Aug. 31 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., and Fri. and Sat., Sept. 1-2, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Tues., Aug. 29, at 2:30 P.M., and Wed., Aug. 30, at 8:45 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Giants, Fri. and Sat., Sept. 1-2, at 2:30 P.M.

RACING—Saratoga meet at Belmont, weekdays at 1:15 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 2. (Diana Handicap and Wilson Stakes, Aug. 26; the Hopeful Stakes and the Saratoga Cup, Sept. 2.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:30 A.M. and 1:20 P.M., and Sat. between 11:01 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

TENNIS—Invitation Tournament, Meadow Club, Southampton, daily through Sun., Aug. 27. . . . National Championships, singles and doubles, a war-relief benefit, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, Wed. through Mon., Aug. 30-Sept. 4.

TROTTING—Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L. I., at 8:40 P.M.; through Sept. 23. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.)

YACHTING—Championship regatta on the Sound: Port Washington Y. C., Sun., Aug. 27, at 2 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WAR EXHIBITIONS—At the **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY,** R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: the development of the U. S. Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use (through Dec. 15); also, an Army Air Forces show featuring a troop-carrying glider, a P-47 fighter, and gun turrets and other plane equipment (through Fri., Sept. 1). Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. . . . **CHRYSLER BLDG.,** 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including equipment captured from the enemy; also, daily from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **AMERICAN RELIEF FOR FRANCE,** 457 Madison, at 51: photographs showing Free French activities on the Allied fronts, as well as scenes of the French underground. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., Aug. 31.

PHOTOGRAPHY—The American scene, as documented by Edward Steichen, Bernice Abbott, Lisette Model, and others: A. C. A., 63 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Aug. 31.

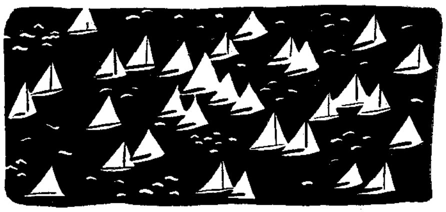
AMERICANA—Life-size tableaux of scenes along the New York waterfront a century ago, and ship models, paintings, and prints of the period, in a show celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the Seaman's Church Institute: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 16.

CHESSMEN—The Gustavus A. Pfeiffer collection of unusual chess sets from all over the world, dating from the ninth century to the present: Metropolitan Museum of Art, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 17.

ON THE AIR

MUSIC—N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., Aug. 27, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting; soloist, Carroll Glenn, violin, Sun., Aug. 27, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., Aug. 26 and Sept. 2, at 3:30 P.M., WJZ.

SPORTS—Racing: Wilson Stakes, Sat., Aug. 26; Saratoga Cup, Sat., Sept. 2; at 4:30 P.M., WEAF, WOR. . . . Football: Chicago Bears vs. College All-Stars, Wed., Aug. 30, at 10 P.M., WOR.



NEWS COMMENTATORS—George Hicks (from Europe), Tues. and Thurs. at 10:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 10:15 P.M., WOR. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

ATTACK!—The Army's film of the New Britain campaign, another in their series of splendid documentaries. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Aug. 24.)

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY—A girl from Vermont marries an attractive but spoiled Southern aristocrat, with gloomy consequences. Deanna Durbin and Gene Kelly. Based on a novel by Somerset Maugham. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., Aug. 30. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 26-29. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 29-31. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Aug. 29-Sept. 2.)

DRAGON SEED—Lavish but honest tribute to China's courage in war, with Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon, Katharine Hepburn, and Akim Tamiroff performing stoutly in fancy dress. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Aug. 30.)

GASLIGHT—Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, and Joseph Cotten in the screen version of the hair-raiser known on the stage as "Angel Street." (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 29-31.)

GOING MY WAY—Quiet adventures in a Catholic parish in New York, with Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald as members of the clergy. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Aug. 26. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Mon., Aug. 28. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. through Wed., Aug. 25-30. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; Mon. through Thurs., Aug. 28-31.)

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO—The Preston Sturges story of a bogus Marine hero in his home town. Very amusing, with Eddie Bracken, William Demarest, Freddie Steele, and Raymond Walburn. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

IT HAPPENED TOMORROW—A rather neat fantasy about a man who knows what's coming twenty-four hours ahead of time. Dick Powell, Linda Darnell, and Jack Oakie. (Normandie, Park at 53; through Sun., Aug. 27. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 29-31.)

JANE EYRE—Marred by an odd performance by Orson Welles but still recognizable. There's also Joan Fontaine and Henry Daniell. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Thurs., Aug. 28-31.)

KISMET—Ronald Colman and Marlene Dietrich looking handsome and light-hearted in a riot of Technicolor in old Bagdad. No significance attempted and none gained. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

THE MASK OF DIMITRIOS—A slow but workmanlike version of an Eric Ambler thriller. Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, and Faye Emerson. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., Aug. 30.)

MR. SKEFFINGTON—A long, uneven one about a man and his skittish wife. You've got to like Bette Davis, but many do. She's the wife and Claude Rains is the man. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; through Tues., Aug. 29.)

ONCE UPON A TIME—The consequences of a man's discovering a dancing caterpillar. Cary Grant, Janet Blair, James Gleason, and Ted Donaldson. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; through Sun., Aug. 27. . . . Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Aug. 28. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Aug. 30.)

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE—Basic training without tears. Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, and Donna Reed. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Thurs., Aug. 26-31.)

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY—Tears and laughter on the home front. An abundant cast, led by Claudette Colbert, moves tenderly from cliché to cliché for the best part of three hours. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL—The heroism of the Navy doctor on Java. The story has been handled ponderously, but a good deal of the drama of the doctor's actual achievement survives. Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, and Dennis O'Keefe. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Mon., Aug. 28.)

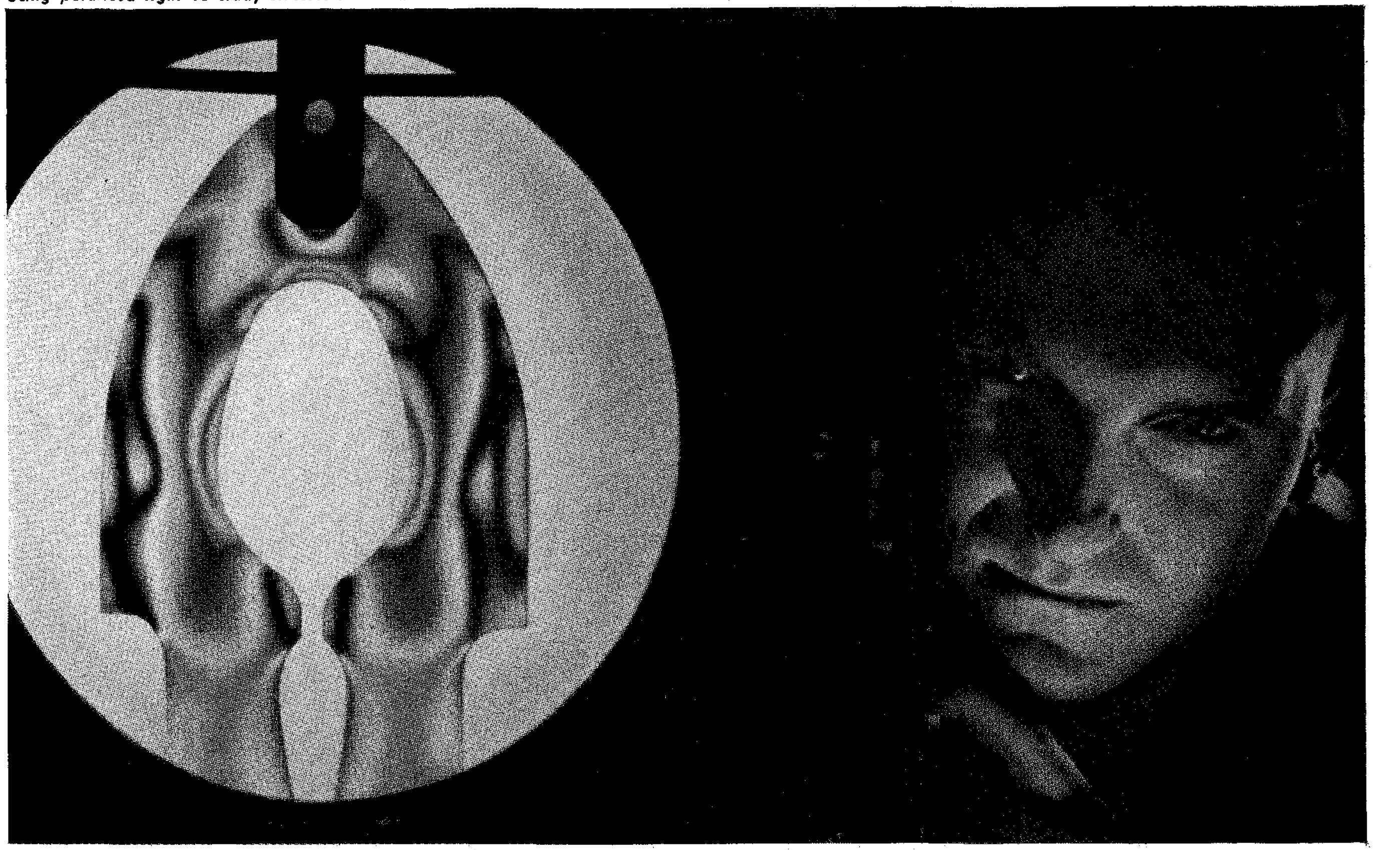
TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR—Jimmy Durante steals a variety show which also has Gracie Allen, José

IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT CHRYSLER

IMAGINATION IN RESEARCH

HOW IT WORKS FOR YOU—IN WAR—IN PEACE

Using polarized light to study stresses in metal



Imagination lights tomorrow's road, explores today for clues to tomorrow, hunts better ways for you to live and travel.

Imagination digs out the secrets of metals; it corrects weakness, harnesses strength, finds ways to outwit wear and weather.

Imagination is the unrestricted, inquiring force in research that gives special character to all Chrysler Corporation products — for war or for peace.

Imagination and curiosity work together to direct Chrysler Corporation research. Chrysler scientists and inventors study materials, weather and roads . . . finding new ways to make products that will give you more and better service.

That's why many important car developments have come first from Chrysler Corporation: 4-wheel hydraulic brakes, all-steel bodies, floating power, fluid drive and many others.

Imagination stimulates the entire producing and operating Chrysler organization. For the discoveries, methods and experience of *all* its Divisions are made available to *each.*

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CHRYSLER CORPORATION

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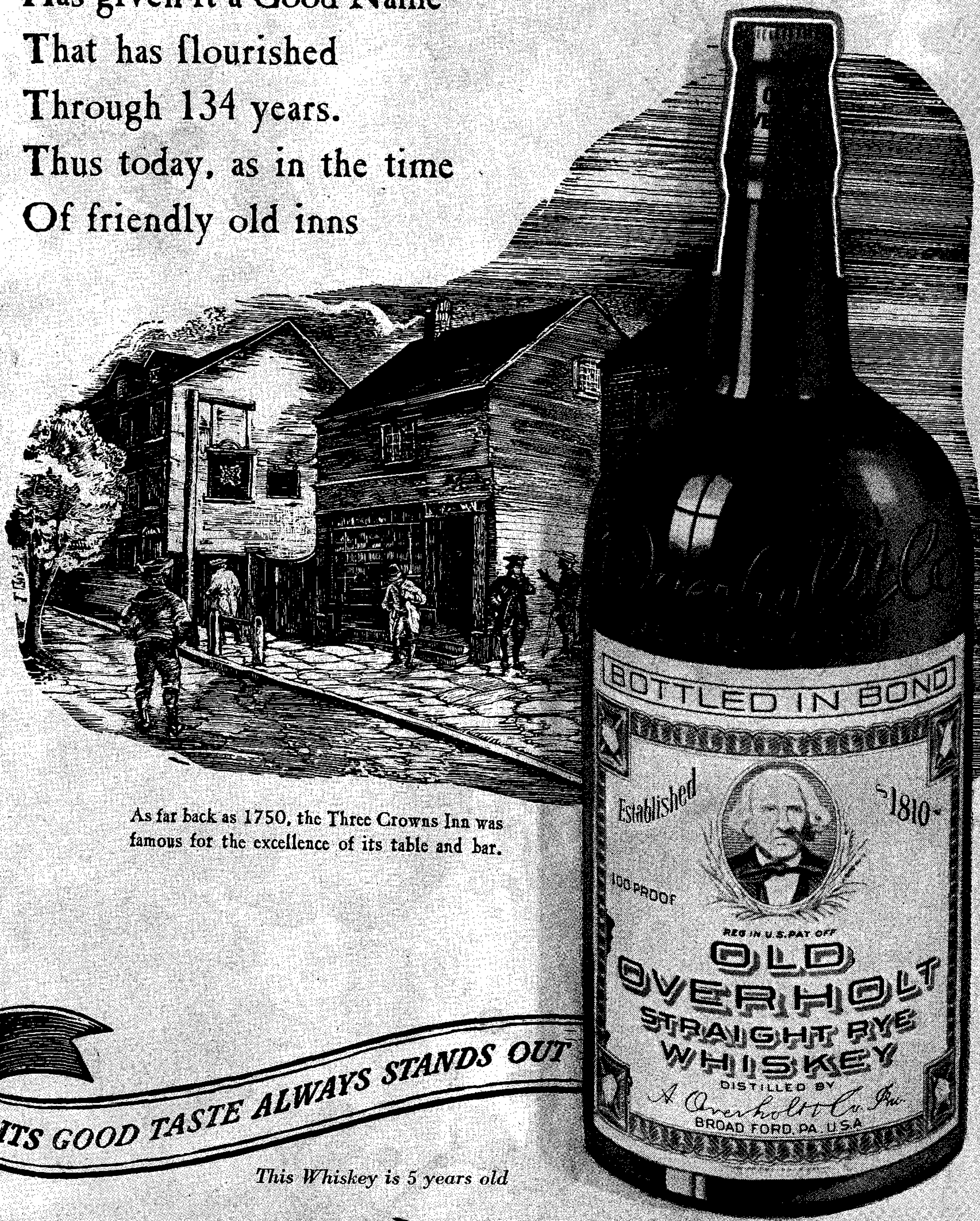
AIRTEMP Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration
CHRYSLER Marine and Industrial Engines
OILITE Powdered Metal Products

YOU'LL ENJOY MAJOR BOWES THURSDAYS, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

A good name is a
Product's most valued virtue.
And, in the case of
Old Overholt,
Its Good Taste
That Always Stands Out
Has given it a Good Name
That has flourished
Through 134 years.
Thus today, as in the time
Of friendly old inns
Like the one shown here,
Old Overholt is the choice
Of those who relish
Good rye
At its right royal best.


BOTTLED IN BOND
Established 1810
100 PROOF
REG IN U.S. PAT OFF
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE
WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
A. Overholt & Co. Inc.
BROAD FORD, PA. U.S.A.

As far back as 1750, the Three Crowns Inn was famous for the excellence of its table and bar.

ITS GOOD TASTE ALWAYS STANDS OUT

This Whiskey is 5 years old

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.

Iturbi, Harry James, Xavier Cugat, Gloria De Haven, and Van Johnson. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., Aug. 28.... Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Wed., Aug. 30.)

Wilson—Isolationism's famous victim is treated with reverent speed, and in Technicolor, by producer Zanuck and a huge cast headed by Alexander Knox. Sketchy history but a good show. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

REVIVALS

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—Problems arising from insanity in the family. John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Aug. 27.)

Bringing up Baby (1938)—With Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Thurs., Aug. 24.... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., Aug. 26.... 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 27-28.... Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 27-29.... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 29-31.)

The Constant Nymph (1943)—The latest version of the old reliable story. Joan Fontaine, Charles Boyer, Alexis Smith. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 25-26.)

Dead End (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Gotham, B'way at 47; through Tues., Aug. 29.... Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 29-30.)

Four Feathers (1939)—Kitchener in Egypt, by Korda, in Technicolor. Ralph Richardson and June Duprez. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Aug. 28-29.)

I Dream Too Much (1935)—Lily Pons and Jerome Kern music. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Sept. 1.)

In Name Only (1939)—Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, and Cary Grant in the usual triangle mess. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 25-28.)

Laburnum Grove (1941)—Edmund Gwenn as a respectable old London counterfeiter. With Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 25-28.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Irene Dunne as a female Enoch Arden and Cary Grant as her husband. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 25-28.)

They Made Me a Criminal (1939)—John Garfield as a fighter with underworld troubles. With the Dead End Kids. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 30-31.)

Winterset (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Aug. 27.)

The Young in Heart (1938)—Sentimental age-and-youth comedy. Minnie Dupree, Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 25-26.)

Zaza (1939)—Grandpa's pet classic, freshened up for Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 25-26.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing documentary films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M., on the following schedule: THROUGH SUN., AUG. 27: four short films about Chile and Peru, produced by the Office of the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs.... FROM MON., AUG. 28: "LST Story," produced by the Coast Guard, and "A.A.F. Report," produced by the Army Air Forces.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

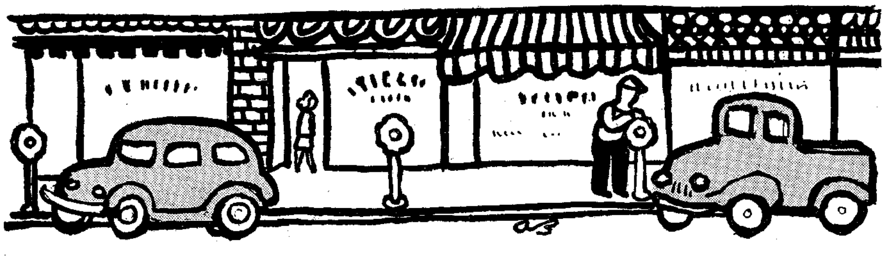
Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300): women to work three hours a week in Department of Health clinics assisting in vision tests, etc.; men and women who, after taking a short training course, can work five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores.... RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day making surgical dressings and filling kits for service men to take overseas; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. ... AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487): women to spend several hours a week, during the day, in A.W.V.S. workshops making layettes and children's clothes for Army and Navy relief; women to put in about three hours a week preparing and serving refreshments in war-plant cafeterias.... UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to take a short training course and then work about six hours a week, day or evening, as orderlies in hospital wards; women to work in hospitals at least six daytime hours a week as clerical and library aides and (especially on weekends) as ward aides.

Note—The War Manpower Commission needs men and women for the U. S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries now and early in the fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

Salvage—Wastepaper (very important right now) and tin cans of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles.... The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him.... Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The Greek War Relief Association (CI 5-9100) is collecting practical clothing and blankets, in good condition, to send abroad. Contributions should be mailed or taken to the Association's warehouse, at 420 E. 54.... Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment.... Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. Contributions should be taken to the American Legion Welfare Committee, 325 E. 38 (LE 2-0886).... Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps, and at the moment there is a particular demand for pocket-size books, small games, playing cards, portable phonographs, and radios. Three organizations which will distribute contributions are the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33); the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); and Bundles for America, 2 Park, at 33 (MU 5-1976).... The Red Cross Post and Hospital Committee, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455), is collecting broken cigarette lighters, which will be repaired and used by convalescent soldiers.... Musical instruments of all kinds, from ukuleles to pianos, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centres. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410), or to the Special Services Officer of the New York Port of Embarkation, Arsenal Bldg., 3 Ave. at 63, Brooklyn (WI 9-5400, Ext. 538). ... American Relief for France, 457 Madison, at 51 (PL 3-4571), is collecting French books to send to the thousands of French service men in this country and in Canada. If you have any you wish to give, mail or take them to the organization's offices.



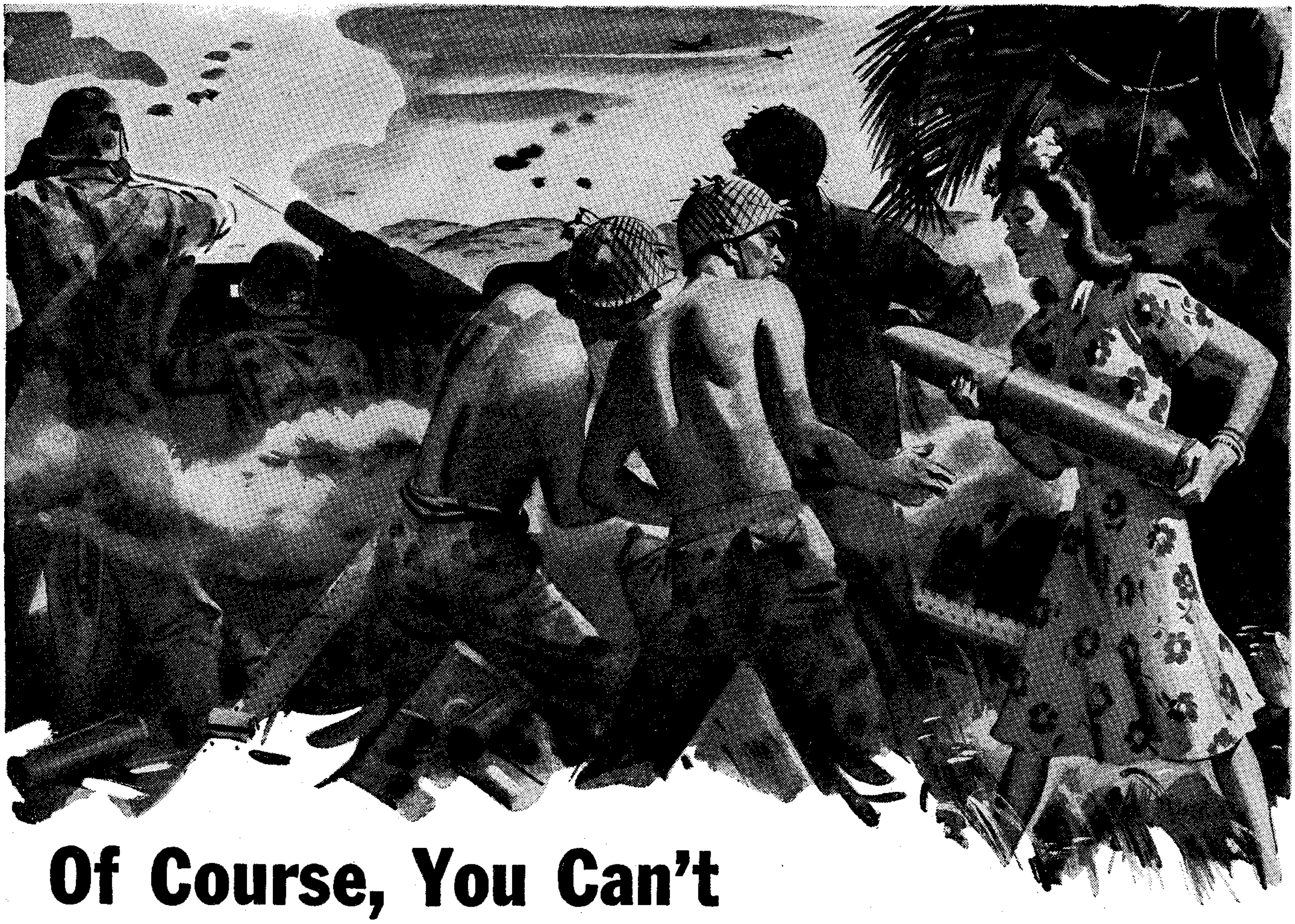
Russian tunic ...dramatic coat

Hammer Brand Soft-Drape Persian Lamb

THE COAT...Russian and exciting. Draped blouse and sleeves. Skirt, slim as a pencil. Nail-studded sash hugs waistline firmly. At leading fur salons.

THE FUR...Exquisitely supple yet tightly curled. Light to wear. Each ebony-black pelt selected, perfect...bearing the famous Hammer Brand mark. The mark that means long wear, enduring beauty. Your furrier will tell you that's why he's willing to wait longer and pay more for Hammer Brand Soft-Drape Persian Lamb!

HERMAN BASCH
& COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK
WORLD'S OLDEST AND
LARGEST PROCESSORS OF
PERSIAN LAMB



Of Course, You Can't Pass the Ammunition—But—

YOU *can* see that that ammunition gets right up there in perfect condition. How? By doing everything you possibly can to use less paper and to save wastepaper!

For it's paper which protects our boys' precious ammunition as it is transported from the war plant all the way across the ocean to the front line of battle. Yes, paper and paperboard truly keep the powder dry, keep the ammunition in prime condition for perfect firing.

That's why the Army and the Marines and the Navy—who need paper and paperboard to package more than 700,000 different items shipped overseas — ask your help in protecting our national paper supply, ask you to send all wastepaper to your local salvage headquarters for reprocessing.

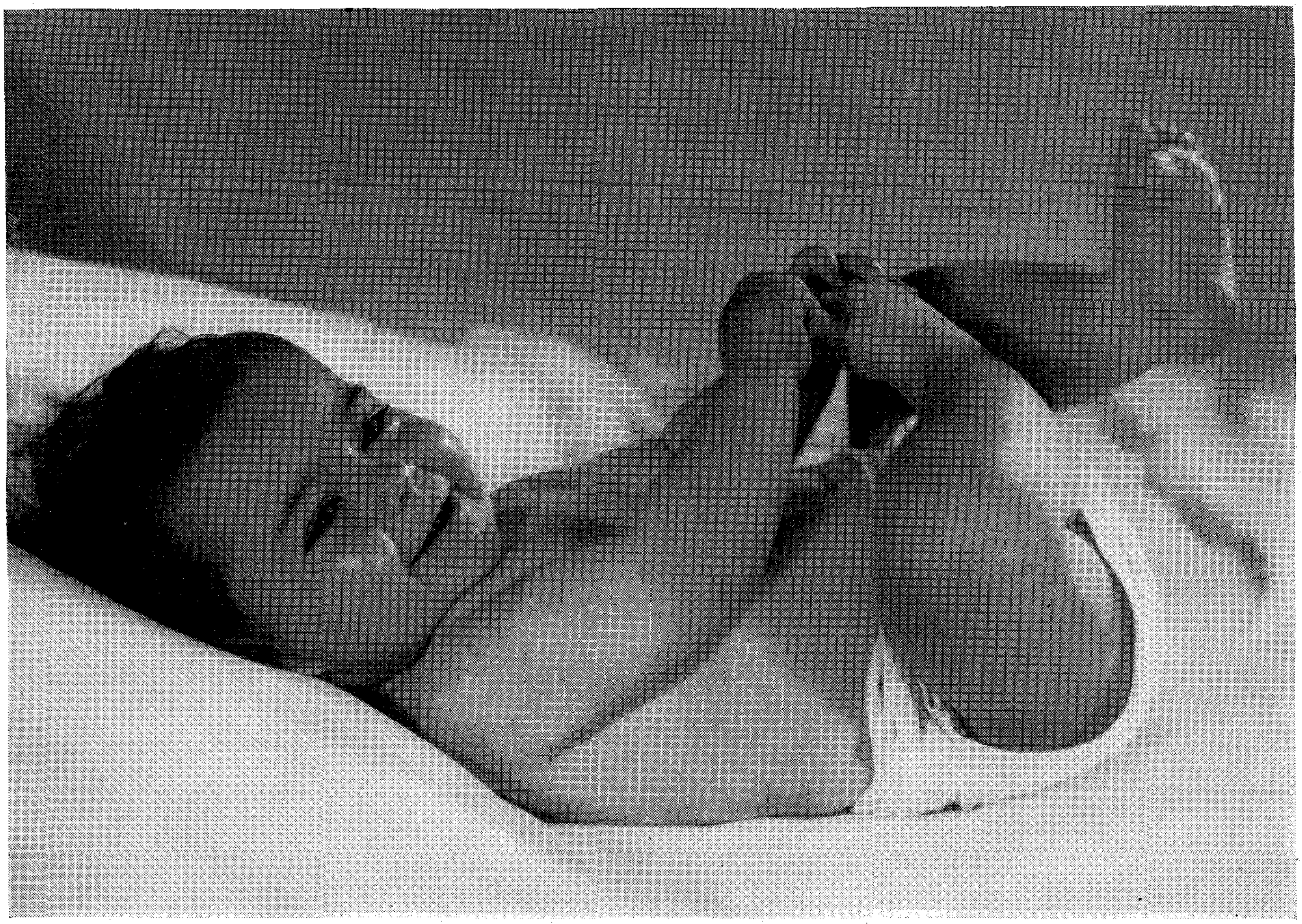
It's an easy job but a mighty important one. All you have to do is use less paper and help your storekeeper to use less paper. Don't ask him to wrap factory-packaged goods, canned goods, bottled goods. Carry your own market bag or basket to save his paper bags. Never use a piece of paper at home unless absolutely necessary. And, again, save every scrap of wastepaper and give it to your local paper salvage collector.

Remember—
PAPER IS WAR POWER

FIGHT WASTE!

USE LESS PAPER—SAVE ALL WASTEPAPER

This advertisement prepared by the War Advertising Council in cooperation with the War Production Board and the Office of War Information.



Now—even diapers are engineered!

YES, even the diaper may be changed for the better . . . thanks to the versatility of the rayon fiber.

Rayon, being man-made, can be tailor-made for a particular job . . . can be engineered to meet widely varying human needs.

For instance, it is possible to produce a spun rayon fabric with a high degree of absorbency. This is one of the characteristics that helps make spun rayon garments for men and women more comfortable during summer heat. And this same characteristic makes possible a more absorbent diaper . . . a basic improvement in this simplest and most fundamental of garments.

This is an example of a *new use* for a rayon fiber already in existence. Such developments are as much a part of the program of continuous research being carried on by the American Viscose Corporation . . . as those that involve the creation of *new fibers*.

For the basic objective of this program is to bring better and better fabrics to all the people of America.

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION

Producer of CROWN* *Rayon Yarns and Staple Fibers*

Sales Offices: 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1; Providence, R. I.; Charlotte, N. C.; Philadelphia, Pa.

Plants at: Marcus Hook, Pa.; Roanoke, Va.; Parkersburg, W. Va.; Lewistown, Pa.; Meadville, Pa.; Nitro, W. Va.; Front Royal, Va.

★ *BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS* ★

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"CROWN" TESTED RAYON FABRIC

A better way to buy Rayon Fabrics

This identification is awarded only to fabrics containing CROWN rayon, after they have passed the CROWN Tests for serviceability.

Loading jute fiber — and burlap made from it — aboard an American Export Lines vessel at Calcutta. The fiber is obtained from the stalks of a plant grown widely in eastern India.

SEAGOING CARPETS IN YOUR HOME!

All the way from India comes the jute that's woven into a tough, strong foundation for many American-made carpets. Burlap and ropes are made from jute; there's jute in linoleum, tapestries and upholstery — and maybe even in that wig you wore on Hallowe'en!

YOUR home is full of things that seagoing merchant ships have brought from the far corners of the world. It would be a hardship to do without many of them. And in normal times, many Americans would lose their jobs if there were no ships to take U. S. products for sale overseas.

Our merchant shipping is *everybody's* business—as a far-sighted Congress recognized when it passed the Merchant Marine Act of 1936 to assure this country control of our international trade.

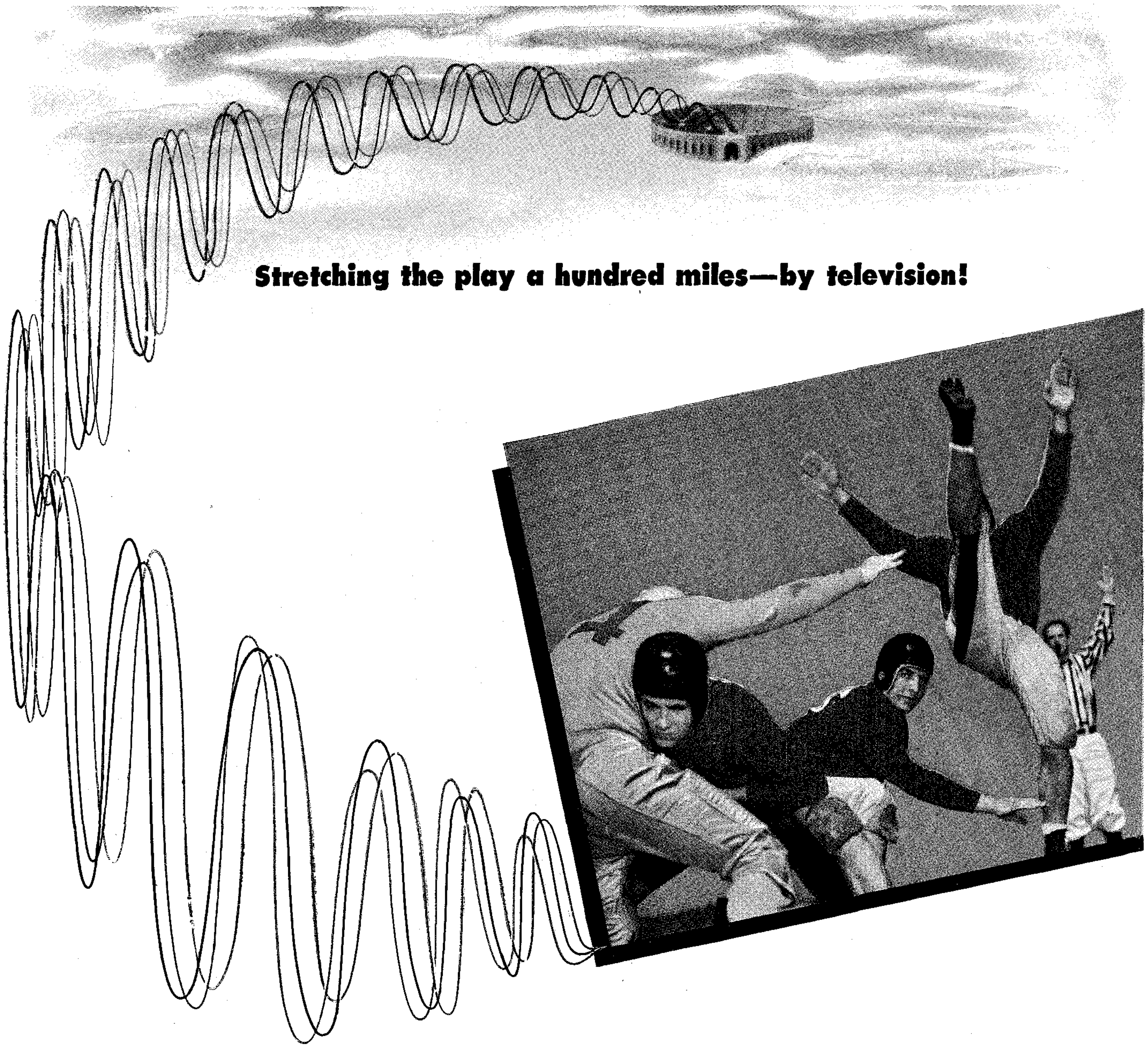
In this "Magna Charta of the U. S. Merchant Marine," Congress directed the Maritime Commission to build up a U. S.-flag merchant fleet *"constructed in the U. S., manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel . . . owned and operated under the U. S. flag by citizens."*

War has demonstrated that such a merchant marine, in the words of Congress, is *"necessary for the national defense and development of (our) foreign and domestic commerce."* Ably directed by the War Shipping Administration, our great new fleet is helping to win the war — and will help cement the peace!

American Export Lines, pioneer in developing modern, fast, time-table shipping service to southern Europe, North Africa, Asia Minor and India, is operating many new vessels. Under the U. S. flag, every ship is a guarantee of this country's vital foreign trade. And when peace comes, *what you and other Americans want to buy or sell abroad will determine the cargoes we carry and the ports we visit!*

American Export Lines
25 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY 4

N. W. AYER & SON



Stretching the play a hundred miles—by television!

So swiftly do televised scenes rocket through space that, while part of a picture is appearing on your receiving set, the television camera is still "taking" the rest of it possibly many hundreds of miles away!

Each second, 30 *complete pictures* are thrown on the television screen . . . so your eyes see — *not* half-pictures — but large, clear images and motion without blurring.

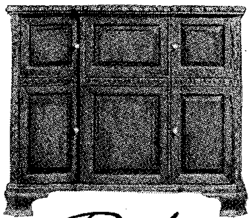
Eventually, after the war, you'll have home television in both Farnsworth and Capehart models, the marvelous *electronic television* developed over 19 years by Farnsworth engineers. It will come in cabinets of your choice, combined with radio, or with a phonograph-radio.

Today, Radar and military electronic weapons employ all the research and production facilities of the Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation. But new Capeharts and new Farnsworth radios and phonograph-radios, at a wide range of prices, will come from our plants after Victory.

There will be improvements over your pre-war instruments. More faithful tone and reception — glorious, interference-free FM — simple, dependable record-changers — and the miracle of television.

You'll have a wide choice, from modestly priced Farnsworth sets to magnificent Capeharts in distinguished cabinets. And every one—whether Capehart or Farnsworth—will offer you the highest possible quality at its cost. Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

WAR BONDS FIGHT, TOO—BUY AN EXTRA ONE TODAY



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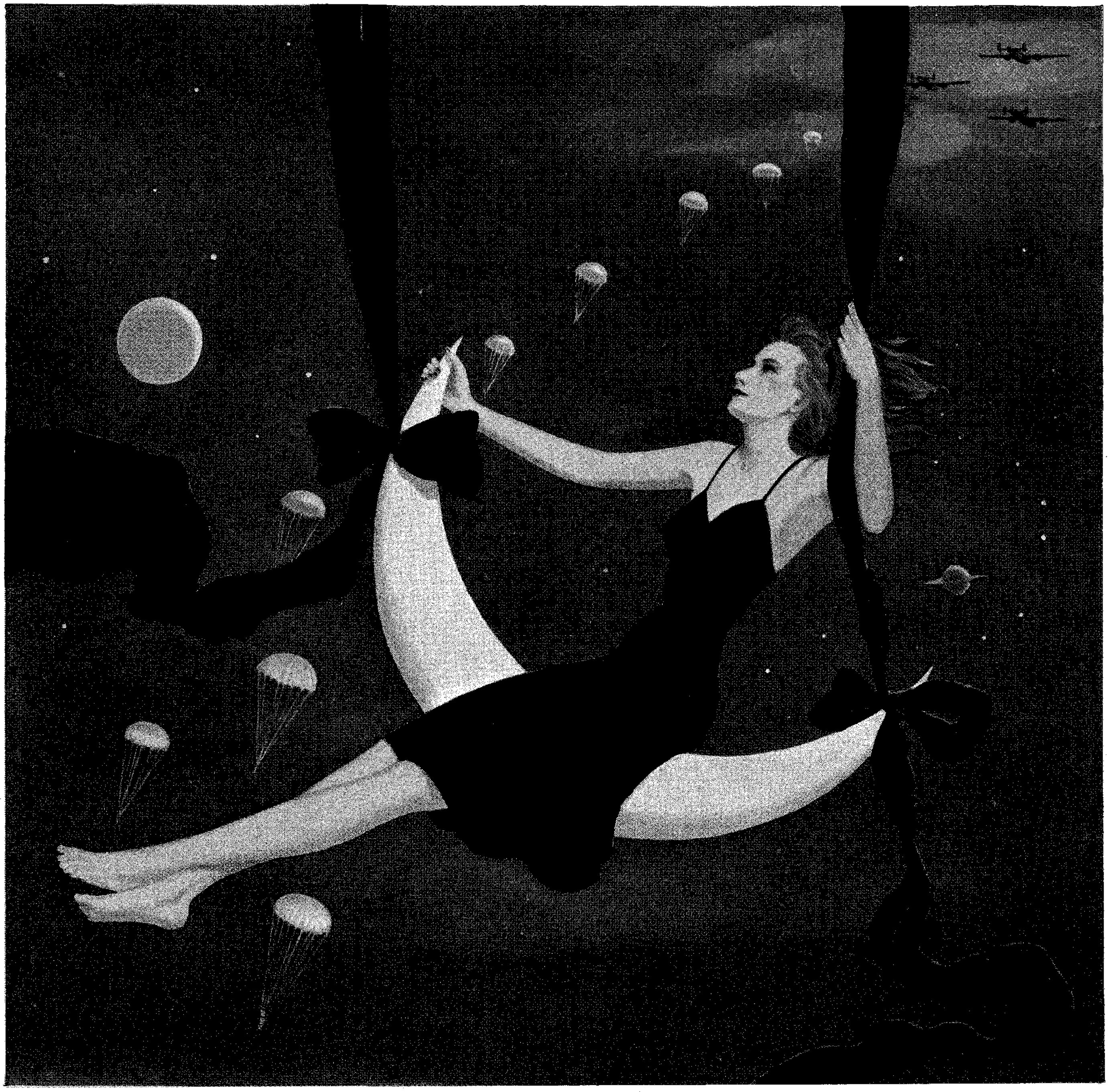


Midnight Black Beauty for you Today

Wish-on-the-moon slips of sleekest, finest rayon. Black as the dark of night... smooth as a moonbeam. Textron*-tailored to a heart's desire. Woven, cut and finished with the care imperative in turning out war's essentials. Designed to melt into lovely body lines like stars into the dawn. Also in Pink Angel or Snow White, sizes 32 to 44. Only $3.00 at leading stores in many cities. Slightly higher on the West Coast. TEXTRON, INC., Empire State Building, Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

TEXTRON Lingerie

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE NEW YORKER

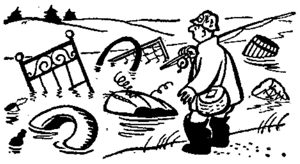
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE new Japanese war slogan is far ahead of anything this country has been able to produce, but we suspect it will prove a boomerang for the Sons of Heaven. "Iki, Waki, Konki, Sookekki" has a lot more bang to it than "Back the Attack;" in fact, it is so good that a whole corps of American songwriters are probably working on it this very minute. There will have to be a slight alteration—Sookekki will have to become Kekki Soo—but when that is accomplished, the thing is ready. This country's writers have as much spirit, harmony, stamina, and total action as the Japanese, and you can be fairly sure that the America of "Mairzy Doats," of "Aba-daba-daba," of "Hi Singa Lo," and of "Boola Boola" is not going to pass up the chance to march into Tokio to the strains of "Iki, Waki, Konki, Kekki Soo."

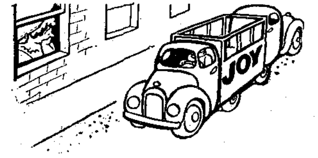
THERE are many facets of the promotional spirit which beguile us, but our favorite is the promotion of states of the Union by their development commissions. It is common practice for a state to recommend itself as a sanctuary to people of other states, extending a blanket invitation to all to come and romp in the peculiar sunlight within its borders. Maine, conscious of its paradisiacal quality, doggedly advertises its "unspoiled wilderness," presumably in the hope that millions will shortly arrive to cry in it. This is an odd quirk. Obviously, if a state valued its wildness, it would keep silent and not let the secret out among the tame. The very idea of "development" is inconsistent with natural beauty, and there is, of course, little likelihood that the Maine woods will be thoroughly appreciated by Maine until after they no longer exist, except in the joists and rafters of the wayside soft-drink parlors.

Bill Geagan, a sportswriter for the Bangor *News*, wrote a column the other day in strong contrast to the rich prose of the vacation ads. He was describing a Maine trout stream before the black flies entered the scene to distract his attention: "I found unsightly dumps that contained rusted bedsprings, tin cans, automobile seats and tires, iron wagon-wheel tires, burlap sacks, washtubs, barrel hoops, medicine and beer bottles, rotten potatoes, and wornout corsets. . . . It should be remembered that the future of this great State of ours . . ."



And so on. Nowadays the journey a man makes to escape from his own rusty bedsprings is a long one, and in every coppice lurks a development commission.

ONE morning a few weeks ago, as the sun was rising over a far section of Brooklyn, a sleepy housewife, awakened by the noisy arrival of a Department of Sanitation truck, raised her head from her pillow, leaned over, drew her blind aside, and looked out. The truck had swallowed up the trash and was already moving on. Slowly tooling along in its wake she saw a small, bright, orange-colored vehicle of quaint design—two truck cabs (two radiators, two engines, two driver's seats) hitched back to back on a chassis, apparently to allow the driver to switch seats and start off immediately in the opposite direction. Painted on the sides of this odd vehicle was the name "Joy." The lady dropped off to sleep again, and when she woke up was half inclined to think that the two-headed orange vehicle had been a dream. She saw it, though, or thought she saw it, a second time, when a subway train she was on ducked up out of a tunnel and started across a bridge; it was whizzing along a dusty street in the direction of Manhattan. The lady has written to us to ask if we believe she really did see it. Our answer is that she did, if only with the eyes of faith. It has always been clearly visible to the first one who wakes in a summer dawn and looks out onto a tree-shaded suburban street. The best time to see it in Manhattan is late in the evening, down around Washington Square or up on Riverside Drive. It takes the Mayor to fires, which is why it has to be instantly reversible.



GOING to a movie in the morning is an eerie experience, and the eeriness is not lessened by the fact that you find yourself in the company of a thousand other people who seem to be taking the thing completely for granted. We dropped into the Paramount one morning last week, looking for a cool place to sit between a business appointment and a luncheon date in the neighborhood, and we aren't likely to forget it for a long time. We don't know what makes the lemmings throw themselves into the sea, nor do we know what brought together the large, calm, well-dressed, relaxed audience that sat around us digesting its breakfast and watching the gray shadows. We do not accept as a complete explanation the fact that you can get into a movie twenty-five cents cheaper before one o'clock. That's no way to make a living, really.

"THIS hot spell has settled one thing, anyway," a lady told us last Thursday. "Nobody is ever going to spend another summer in New

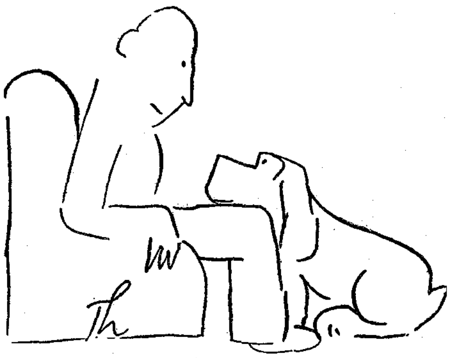
York.” It was just an arbitrary remark of the sort ladies are likely to make, even in clement weather, but we have enjoyed thinking about the possibilities summoned up by her stark little statement: the long caravans trailing across the Triborough Bridge and through the Holland Tunnel on the first warm day, the island in its summer trance, and the glad return of the populace when Jack Frost has again solidified the pavements.

Our Own Baedeker

HERE we are with a few undigested facts about the new invasion front. There are three hundred and eighty-four miles of French coast between Italy and Spain, with mountains rising sharply inland. This region comprises the old provinces of Provence and Languedoc and the Department of the Pyrénées Orientales. The Pyrénées Orientales, which are bounded on one side by Spain, are more Spanish than French, though the region has been under French rule since 1659. The whole southern coast has had much the same history: the Celts were the original settlers, followed in due time by the Phoenicians. Then came the Goths, Romans, Franks, Burgundians, and finally the Saracens, who arrived in Europe in the unlikely year of 711. Provençal, the language of the region, has an affinity with the tongues of all of these people; in later centuries the troubadours made it something of a literary language. In the middle of the last century an attempt to revive it was led by one Frédéric Mistral, who founded for that purpose the Société de Félibrige, which made much of the number seven (the members rejoiced in the fact that Mistral’s name had seven letters and that Avignon, their headquarters, had seven letters, seven churches, seven colleges, and seven gates) but otherwise didn’t get much done. Nearly every boy in Provence has Marius as one of his names, in honor of Julius Caesar’s uncle, considered by Major George Fielding Eliot and other experts one of the greatest strategists of history. The French tricolor is supposed by some people to have originated in the Provençal fishing village of Martigues. In the old days this town was divided into three feuding factions who hoisted, respectively, red, blue, and white flags. A couple of hundred years ago someone hung up a flag combining the three colors and thus brought peace to the region. Later it became the tricolor of France.

The province of Languedoc got its name from the fact that the natives said “*oc*” instead of “*oui*”—the *langue d’oc*, or oc language. In Roman and medieval days there were several big ports along the Languedoc coast, but sand filled up their harbors. Languedoc produces more wine than any other part of France and is also headquarters for snails and Roquefort cheese. Montpellier, an old university town near the coast, is where Rabelais gave one of the first demonstrations of anatomical dissection. It was fashionable among English physicians just after the Napoleonic wars to send their ailing patients, particularly the tuberculous ones, to Montpellier; somehow or other they’d got the idea that it was a very healthful spot. Actually, the mistral, a cold, relentless north wind which sweeps down off the mountains, is bad for sickly people; it almost killed Robert Louis Stevenson, for example.

Provence, which gets its name from the day when it was a *provincia romana*, lies between the Rhône Valley and Italy. The Rhône has two mouths, both of which empty into salt-water lakes surrounded by marshes and form a delta called the Ile de la Camargue. This is a hundred and eighty-five thousand acres of swamps, sand pits, and pampas, where French cowboys herd black cattle and wild horses. Every Sunday, rodeos are held in the Camargue villages, the test of skill being to snatch a rosette fixed between a bull’s horns without getting gored. Provençals are supposed to be full of bombast; Tartarin de Tarascon is the great example in French literature. The Provençal cure for a cold in the head is water in which a rat has been boiled. Dante is supposed to have got his idea for hell in the part of Provence just east of the Rhône; this is the land haunted by the *chèvre d’or*, the goat with the golden fleece which guards the treasure buried there by Phoenician explorers. Marseilles, which is in Provence, has its own peculiar international flavor. Cicero called Marseilles the Athens of Gaul, and even in those days it had a certain racy reputation among seafaring men. The people of Marseilles do little reading and are said by other Frenchmen to have no taste. They were far and away the most zealous fighters in the French Revolution. Hence the name of the French national anthem.



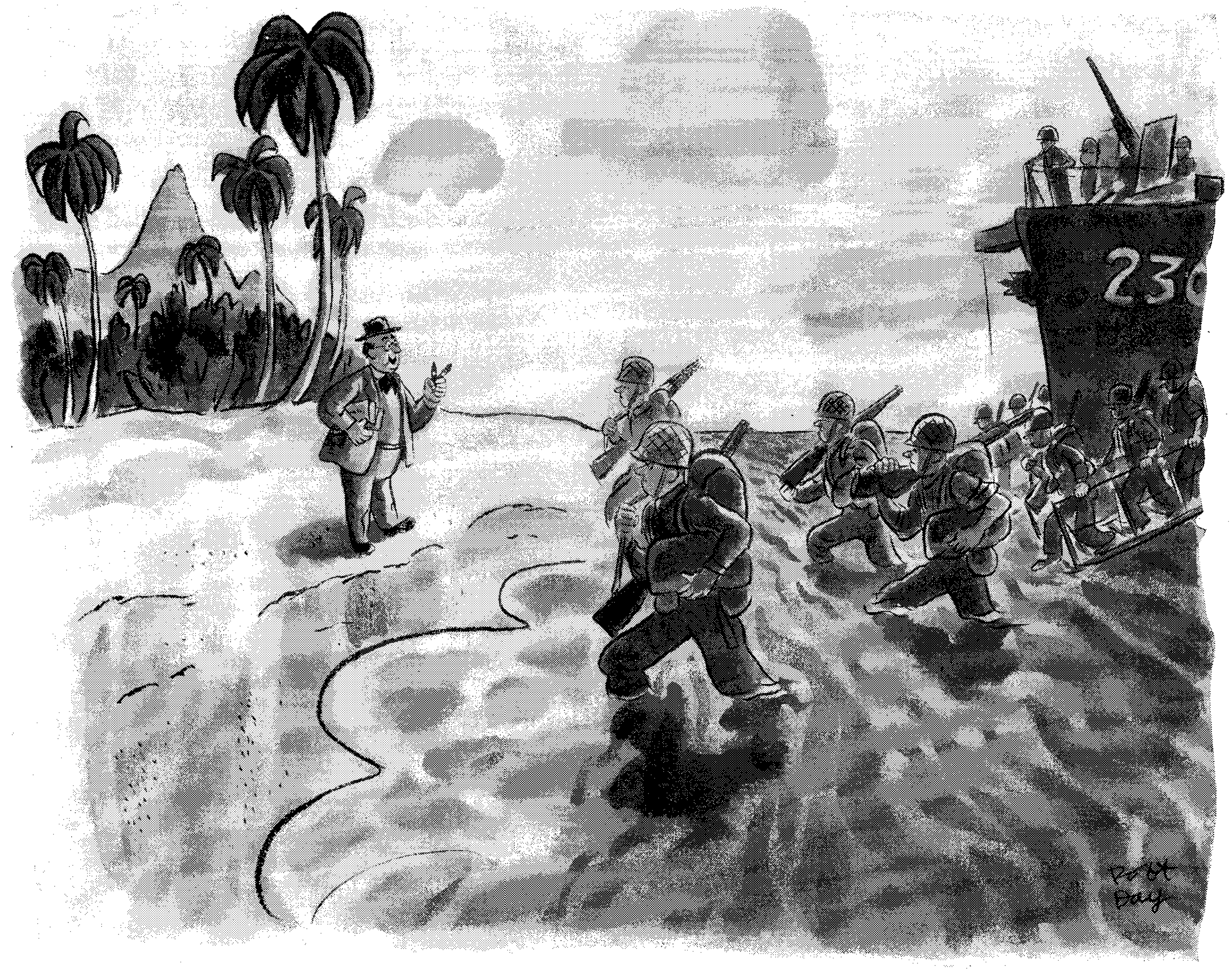
Frozen

TWO ladies, dreaming away a hot afternoon in the Madison bar, were overheard in desultory conversation. “I’m forty years old,” one of them said. The other pondered this for a time and then delivered her comment: “Well, you’re too old ever to leave New York now.”

Nostradamus’s Boswell

WE have always instinctively edged away quietly whenever anyone began talking about Nostradamus, but one day last week we found ourself jammed into a prophetic conversation with Rolfe Boswell, one of the most articulate interpreters of the Frenchman’s “Oracles” and the writer of several books about them and their author, and we saw it through. Our first impulse, after getting back into the present, was to say nothing about our meeting, but later we concluded that certain coming events Mr. Boswell has got wind of are too hot to keep from our readers, so we are passing them on, with the usual warning against over-optimism. In the first place, he informed us, the “last great battle with the Germans” will take place next month, on the ninth. Then, on September 16th, Germany will sign the peace with the United Nations. After that, it will be only a matter of weeks until the war in the Pacific is over; on October 27th, Japan will surrender, her Navy having been defeated in battle and her main islands devastated, quite coincidentally, by an earthquake.

Nostradamus did not provide Mr. Boswell with all the dope on these glimpses of the near future. Nostradamus foretells only the year in which events will occur. The days and months, Mr. Boswell admitted rather uncomfortably, were provided by another school of prophecy, a school that has the idea that practically everything can be learned from the measurements of the Great Pyramid at Giza. “The pyramid people came up with three significant dates for 1944,” he explained, making a clean breast of things, “and when



"Any of you men from the New Jersey Tenth Congressional District?"

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I saw how nicely they fitted what I'd got from the old boy's quatrains, I just put two and two together. The pyramid people have a pretty good record, you know, even if they did figure 1936 as the start of the millennium." Mr. Boswell worked out all his basic business about Germany from a single Nostradamus quatrain, which he translated for us:

After the victory of the Lion [England]
  at Lyons,
Great slaughter on the Jura Alps.
The seventh million defeated and bloodied
At Lyons and Ulm, the dead and fallen in
  a pyre.

Mr. Boswell was prepared to break the code down for us, but we didn't press him, and unfortunately, perhaps, we didn't listen closely enough to be able to report how he learned about the trouble in store for the Japanese. Still, as we recall, the tip on Japan seemed plausible enough.

In real life, Mr. Boswell, a husky fellow of forty with a sinister mustache, is a copy editor on the *Sun*. In 1938, he was plugging away at his job, satisfied to deal with the news after it had happened. Then one day his wife happened to see the tail end of a movie short about Nostradamus. Apparently under the impression that journalists know everything, she asked her husband who the old seer was. He didn't know—hadn't even heard the name before—but he went down to the Public Library on his day off and found out. "I got sold on him," he told us. "I began to think he might have something." The way it turned out, he did; Mr. Boswell's first book, "Nostradamus Speaks," published in November, 1941, included a timely warning about Japan.

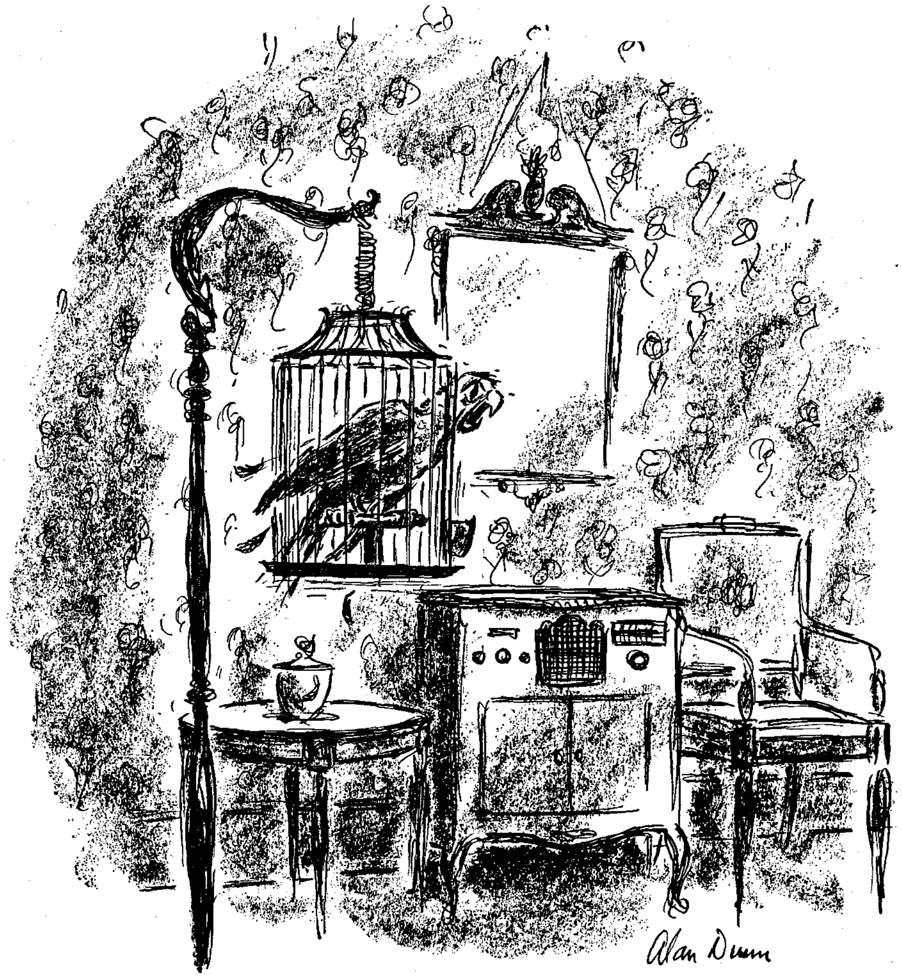
Mr. Boswell's advance information on the end of the war has been in the hands of the *Sun* for some time. "They don't pay much attention to what I tell them," he said. However, Mr. Boswell, for one, plans to be at his desk early on the mornings of September 9th and 16th and October 27th. He figures that that is the least he can do.

Dilling on Dewey

DOWN in Washington a girl named Virginia was waiting in a candy shop, while they wrapped up half a pound of fudge for her, when who should walk in but Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling, the conservative conservative. She was deep in conversation with a friend, and Virginia distinctly heard her say, "I think Dewey weakens the ticket, don't you?"

Landing Craft

THE landing craft employed by our Amphibious Forces are a large and confusing family group. We here pre-



"Stay tuned to this station—stay tuned to this station—stay the hell tuned to this station . . ."

• •

sent a few definitions and descriptions for the benefit of those of our readers who are not actually in the Navy. We'll start at the bottom with the LCRS (Landing Craft, Rubber, Small). This is a sort of raft which can be driven by an outboard motor, rowed, or paddled, and is used for minor raids or night reconnaissance. Its capacity is seven men. The LCRL (Landing Craft, Rubber, Large) is, naturally, a somewhat larger version, sixteen feet long and with a capacity of ten men. The next largest craft is called LCVP (Landing Craft, Vehicles and Personnel). This is a thirty-six-foot barge designed to carry thirty-five men, or vehicles weighing up to a total of three tons. The LCVP is armed (we can't go into details about *that*, of course) and is manned by a crew of three enlisted men, with one officer for every three craft. The LCVP has just about superseded the LCP (Landing Craft, Personnel) and LCV (Landing Craft, Vehicles), both of which were used a great deal earlier in the war.

Getting to the bigger stuff, there is the LCM (Landing Craft, Mechanized), which is fifty-six feet long and can carry one medium tank, thirty tons of cargo, or sixty troops. The LCM is lowered empty from the deck of a transport or cargo vessel and loaded as it lies alongside. The LCT (Landing Craft, Tanks) is a hundred and five feet long and has a very shallow draught, so that it can be beached easily. LCTs have a crew of twelve men and one officer and have impressive armament. They can carry four medium tanks, three heavies, or a hundred and fifty tons of supplies.

People who have done it say that one of the great adventures of this war is crossing the ocean in an LCIL (Landing Craft, Infantry, Large). The LCIL is a two-hundred-and-fifty-ton craft that measures a hundred and fifty-seven feet in length and has a twenty-three-foot beam. An LCIL can carry two hundred or more soldiers, but for transatlantic crossings there is nobody aboard but the crew of twenty-five men and three officers. The LCIL has a retracting gear, a winch-and-anchor device for pulling itself off a beach and back into the sea. So do most of the other large landing craft. The big craft also carry anti-aircraft guns, two-way radios, and fog generators. A new landing craft designated LSM (Landing Ship, Medium) is just now getting into action. This is a two-hundred-and-four-foot vessel with a good speed and range. Its complement is four officers and forty-eight men, and it has accommodations for several medium tanks.

The largest craft the Navy has that goes right up on the beach is the LST (Landing Ship, Tanks). This is three hundred and twenty-seven feet long and displaces twenty-two hundred tons, which means that it is as big as a medium freighter and larger than a destroyer. The LST carries a crew of seven officers and a hundred and twenty-five men. The tank deck, for the accommodation of tanks or other mechanized units, is as long as three tennis courts. An LST will often carry on its weather deck an LCT, which it launches into the sea off an invasion coast, and the LCT may in turn disgorge an LCVP or an LCM, just like the comic strips. The largest vessel in the Amphibious Forces is the LSD (Landing Ship, Dock), a floating drydock for the repair of smaller landing craft. It is four hundred and fifty-eight feet long, with a seventy-two-foot beam, and is manned by a crew of two hundred and fifty-four. There is also an LCC (Landing Craft, Control), a small vessel which serves as a flagship in landing operations.

The British have all kinds of fancy landing craft: LBK (Landing Barge, Kitchen), LBE (Landing Barge, Emergency Repair), and an LBF (Landing Barge, Flak), an anti-aircraft outfit. Winston Churchill is the father of big landing craft, or anyhow the uncle. He advocated them very early in the war—shallow draught, forward ramp, retracting gear, and all—and on his say-so two tankers, designed to get through certain shallow waters in Venezuela, were converted into landing craft. They were not successful, and it remained for American designers to perfect the idea.

Survey

A WHILE ago a radio news commentator received from a news magazine a letter requesting a list of the sources which he used in preparing his material. A week later there was another letter, this one thanking him for having included the magazine in his list and remarking that a large percentage of the other commentators had made a similar choice. The only thing that makes this story interesting is that the commentator had thrown away the first letter without answering it.

Connors for Congress

LAST week a combination of circumstances enabled us to have an enlightening chat with Miss Margaret Connors, the young Bridgeport lawyer who is running for Congress against Clare Boothe Luce. Miss Connors is a sturdy, determined-looking, dark-haired Irish girl, born and bred in Bridgeport and educated at Wellesley, class of '35. She's twenty-nine, and she doesn't like references to her youth. "I keep hearing, 'And you're only twenty-nine,' but I bet if I were a year older nobody would say, 'And you're only thirty,'" she told us. Her interest in politics dates back to her college days—to be precise, to 1932, when the girls held a mock convention and she was chosen to impersonate Roosevelt. "Well, you can see what that kind of thing would do to you," she says. "Every time he runs from then on you feel as if you're running, and next thing, by golly, you *are*."

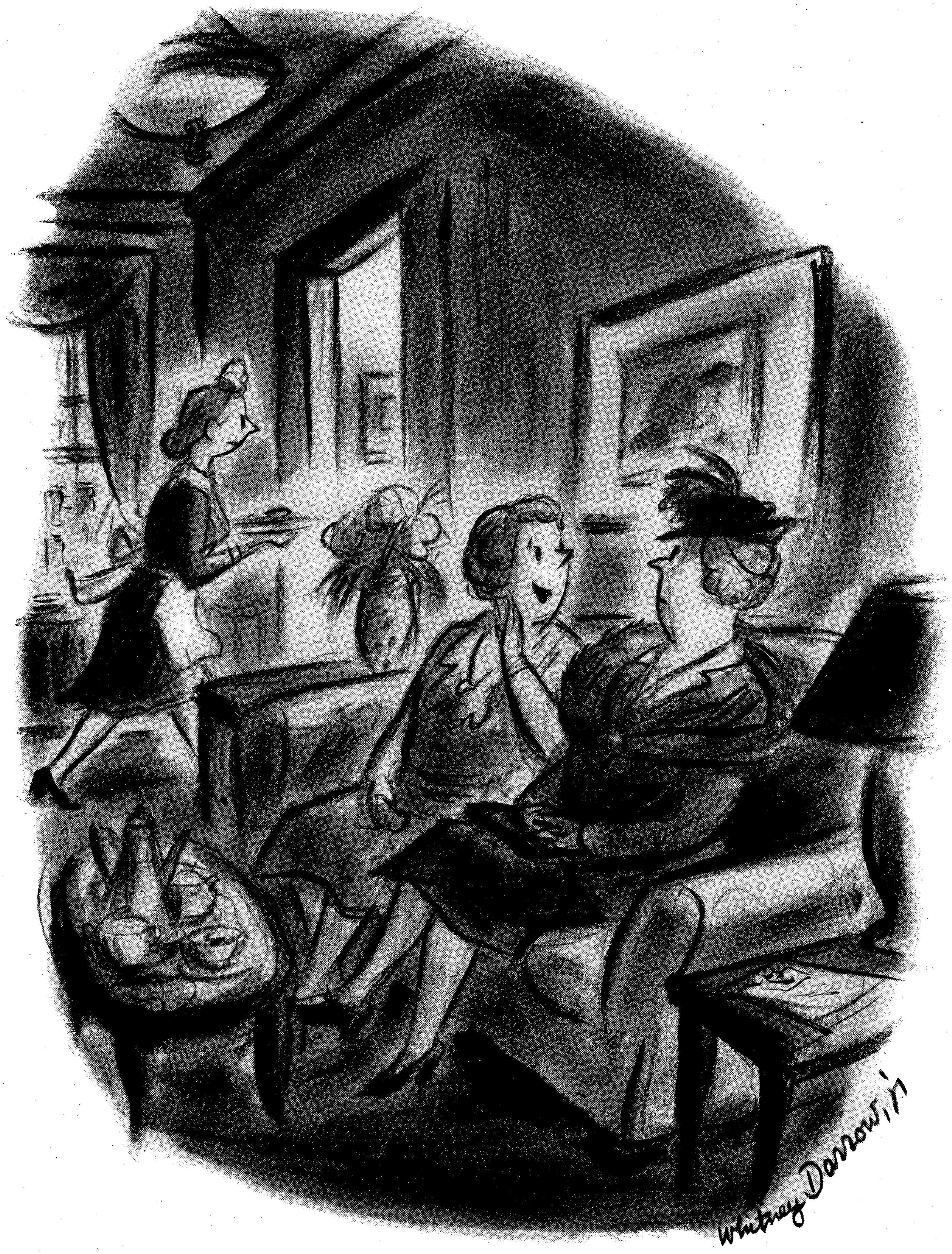
Miss Connors got into politics the conventional way, by studying law. She graduated from Yale Law School in 1938, came back to live with her family in Fairfield, a suburb of Bridgeport, and hung out her shingle. After a year on her own, she became a member of the firm of Saltman, Weiss & Connors. From 1940 to 1942, she was in Hartford, serving as Deputy Secretary of State. After that she rejoined the firm. Its practice is general but leans in the direction of labor-law and civil-liberties cases. Miss Connors argues some of the cases and enjoys it. "You get up there and wave your arms around at the twelve calm faces and watch them change and begin to wonder, and I can tell you it's a great feeling." Running for office is an old story for her; she ran for the State Legislature in 1938 and 1940. "Nothing unusual about it," she assured us. "Practically every young lawyer who wants to get ahead does something like that. Doesn't much matter whether you win or lose. It's a good thing to do." Miss Connors got beaten both times, but she is optimistic about her chances this fall, since she reasons that, though Connecticut is Republican, Roosevelt always carries it and sweeps along his whole ticket. Mrs. Luce got in in a year when he wasn't running.

Miss Connors and Mrs. Luce have met only twice. The first time was when Miss Connors visited Mrs. Luce in Washington a year ago, as a member of an anti-poll-tax lobby. "What a performance!" Miss Connors said admiringly. "She looks at you in that sweet, earnest way, and it's awfully hard not to think you're the only person of *real* intelligence she's spoken to in years." Miss Connors has heard Mrs. Luce lecture, too, the topic being "Women Under Fire." "It turned out to be Mrs. Luce under fire," she told us. Miss Connors also remarked, somewhat peevishly, that Mrs. Luce, though she never went to college, has become a Wellesley girl through her friendship with Madame Chiang Kai-shek. "I guess you can see what a disadvantage I'm under," she said. "Mrs. Luce can hold a crowd enthralled talking about sitting cross-legged with the Generalissimo or somebody. Only person I've ever sat cross-legged with is my cocker spaniel." It's Miss Connors' idea to stick to the issues, but she sometimes feels that this will be too much of a trial. "People I've known for years," she says, "come up to me and say, 'You know, honey, I'd love to vote for you, but this Luce woman has really written some damn good plays.'"

Information

A FRIEND of ours telephoned the Long Island Railroad information desk to ask about getting to a certain place. The girl who answered was plainly new to such problems, but she cheerfully set to work. "There is a train that leaves Pennsylvania Station at 9:16, arriving there at 9:02," she said. "Oh, dear, that doesn't sound right, does it?"

CIGARS CANDY
Richter


Whitney Darrow, jr

"I don't know how long she'll be with us. She's just working her way through her psychoanalysis."

POOR EVERYBODY

FOR more than an hour after Lieutenant William Treanor boarded the train at Baltimore, the seat beside him was unoccupied. At Philadelphia it was taken by a large old gentleman with a gray mustache and a benevolent look. He was carrying a Philadelphia newspaper and copies of the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Harper's*, which he offered the Lieutenant.

Treanor accepted the *Atlantic*, but had just begun to riffle the pages when the old gentleman introduced himself as Mr. Palmer and settled down for conversation. So they discussed the regrettable features of the war: that men get killed and homes broken up and that it works a hardship on everyone. Mr. Palmer thought that the "boys" ought to take over the country when they got back. The Lieutenant objected that there was no reason to think soldiers could run the country any better than anyone else, and Mr. Palmer nodded, as though that were a new idea, and agreed.

Like many civilians, Mr. Palmer was gently insistent on getting his pound of biography, so Treanor told him that he was from Pennsylvania and was now stationed near Baltimore. He said that he had been in the Army three years, that he had served as an enlisted man on Ascension Island, in West Africa, and in Brazil, that he had been commissioned three months before, and had just completed a period of detached service in Florida.

On an impulse, probably because he was on his way to see his girl's sister, Treanor told Mr. Palmer about Mary. He said, "I was overseas a year and a half, but my girl has been over longer than that."

"Oh, has she? Is she a Wac?"

"She's an Army nurse in England," Treanor said. "I haven't seen her in three years, but we're still engaged."

"Well, that's been a long time, hasn't it?"

Treanor agreed that it was a long time. They were very agreeable, the two of them.

When the train pulled into Penn Station and Treanor slung his musette bag and prepared to get off, the old man shook hands with him and gave him his card.

IT was Saturday and the train had been crowded. There was a press of people waiting to be siphoned up the escalator to the upper level, and Treanor began to worry about whether he'd recognize Elly, whom he hadn't seen for three years either. She'd been fifteen then, a rather plump girl with a kind of inchoate attractiveness, and Treanor supposed that she might be good-looking now. He didn't know how this weekend visit was going to work out and felt a strange reluctance about the whole business.

When he came through the gates, he looked quickly around the semicircle of people meeting the train. He had been so afraid he might not recognize Elly that he was completely unprepared for her resemblance to Mary.

She waved to him and, just as Mary probably would, waited for him to come to her. She was wearing a black linen suit, with a lot of white blouse at the throat. She was olive-skinned and brown-eyed, and her dark, curling hair was shoulder-length and had two white bows in it. Her arms were tanned and plump, and blond hairs made a dusting at the curve of the forearm.

"Hello, Bill," she said, smiling, giving him her hands and offering her face for his kiss.

Kissing her was very exciting.

"You look wonderful, Elly," Treanor told her.

"You look pretty good yourself," she said. "How do you like being a shavetail?"

"It's all right." He had a desperate feeling that conversation might stop there, and added, "It's better than being an enlisted man."

"I'll bet it is," she said.

He looked at his watch without reading the time. "Have you had lunch?"

"Hours ago." She regarded him with a faint amusement. "It's four o'clock. Didn't you eat on the train?"

"Oh, yes."

"Good Lord," said Elly, "are you wondering what to do with me already?"

"Let's have a drink," he said, conscious of having lost the first round.

They went into the station bar, which was crowded with men in uniform.

Treanor asked her how she liked New York and she said fine, simply fine. She told him about her job, which was secretarial, and then he asked about her mother and people they both knew back in Washington, Pennsylvania.

It turned out that there was enough to talk about, after all. And Elly was helpful; all he had to do was mention someone's name and she carried the ball from there. So he had plenty of time to watch her, to see how she resembled Mary and how she didn't. She was a bigger girl than Mary, bursting with health, but the likeness was very truly there—in the wide-spaced eyes and the very slight prominence of the upper teeth that gave a pouted fullness to her mouth, in the smooth olive skin that warmed so beautifully in sun, and in some of her mannerisms, like smoking a cigarette halfway, putting it out, and immediately lighting another. And she used many of the same phrases. She said her apartment was a mare's nest (thinking, just as Mary did, that that meant it was messy), and she frequently used gloom as a verb and recommended a bar because it had so much calmth. All of those were tricks of Mary's. But Elly's beauty had a coltishness where Mary's was grave. It was as though her beauty were something new and potentially explosive that she didn't quite know how to handle. There was in her a mixture of assurance and uncertainty, where Mary was always sure. And she was eighteen. That made a difference, too.

Treanor thought, good God, Mary's twenty-five now. If this damned war lasts another few years and we don't get together she'll be nearly thirty. Nearly thirty and unmarried. She'll see all the good years go drifting by and we'll be continents apart.

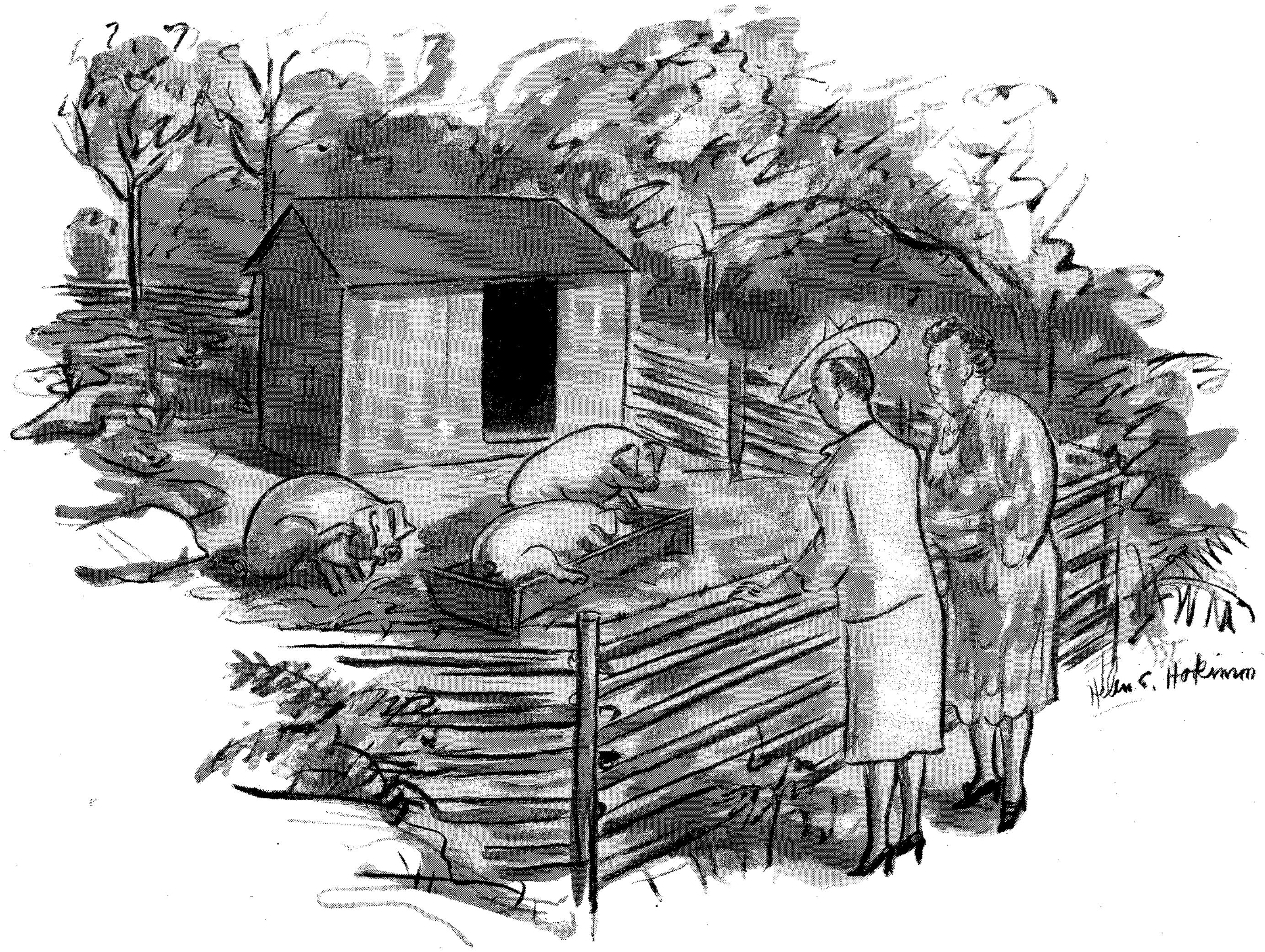
"What's the matter?" asked Elly.

"Does something look like it was the matter?" he asked.

"Yes. You're glooming."

"I was thinking about Mary," he said.

She crushed out her cigarette. "That



"Of course, they're at the awkward age now."

isn't good, is it? You kiddies are in kind of a spot."

"Yes, we are."

"I look like Mary, don't I?"

"Quite a lot."

They had another drink and then Bill said, "I'd better get a room. What hotel is near you?"

"Any of the ones on lower Fifth Avenue. I live in the Village, you know."

"Have you gone bohemian?" he asked.

"Why not?" she said. "Any new experience is good for the soul, I figure."

He didn't like that.

They left then and took a cab downtown. Treanor had a headache. He had the driver stop at a drugstore and went in and bought some aspirin, thinking, pessimistically, that it was going to be one of those nights. He had got a touch of dysentery in West Africa and, ever since, alcohol had played him tricks. He was as apt as not to get a headache from the first highball and then have the hangover of the world without even being able to get adequately tight.

TREANOR registered at a hotel and, in a spasm of self-consciousness about Elly's presence, just gave his musette bag to the bellhop and told him to put it in the room. Then he said, "Where'd you like to go for dinner?"

"Anywhere at all, Bill."

"No," he told her, "pick someplace spectacular. I've been in seclusion down in Florida and have all kinds of accumulated back pay and allowances. Let's spend some of it."

"I thought all of your money went into War Bonds," she said.

"A lot of it does," he said, grinning. Mary and he were accumulating a nest egg for after the war. "Did Mary tell you about it?"

"No, Mom did. I haven't heard from Mary in a couple of months."

"The mails are pretty uncertain," he said.

"Have you heard from her lately?" Elly asked.

"A week or two ago," he said. It was almost a month, really.

"Well, I guess she's pretty busy," Elly said.

It was there. He could sense it behind her words. He wondered if she were trying to tell him something or were just gratuitously making trouble. He said, "What about dinner?"

"Oh, yes." Elly decided on the Copacabana and, since she wanted to change her clothes, they walked over to her apartment. The sidewalk cafés were open and they looked good to Treanor. He thought that if it were Mary he was with, they'd be eating at one of those instead of at a night club. They cut across the Square and that, too, looked good, with its benches filled and dozens of young sprouts—bobby-socked girls and tough-looking Italian boys—grouped around the fountain in the centre.

"Did you have fun in Florida?" Elly

asked. "You got yourself a marvellous tan."

"It was all right," he said. "It wasn't exactly Florida, though. It was an island off the coast, one of the Dry Tortugas."

"What a wonderful name!" she said. "What were you up to, or is it all very hush-hush?"

"We were doing obscene things to goats," he told her.

She gave him a shocked look and it amused him to see that she wasn't as sophisticated as she pretended.

"What!" she exclaimed, and then caught herself. "It sounded like you said you were doing obscene things to goats."

"We were. We were testing the effects of war gases. The goats were our guinea pigs."

"How awful!" She shivered a little and took his arm.

ELLY's apartment was on the third floor of a walkup near Bleecker Street. At the door she knocked, then opened it and called, "Are you decent, Marnie?"

"Just a minute, just a minute!" a voice answered. There was the sound of movement and some giggling and then, more distantly, the voice called, "*Entrez!*"

They went in. There was a small living room, with a day bed along one wall. A partially closed door led, probably, to a bedroom. Another door, opened, revealed part of a sink and a refrigerator.

"I won't be long," Elly began, then said, "Oh, hello, Chuck."

An Air Corps corporal, carrying a highball, had appeared in the doorway of the kitchen. He was moon-faced and needed a shave, and his hair was mussed.

"'Lo, Elly," he said. "How's tricks?"

"Corporal Riordan, Lieutenant Treanor," said Elly.

Treanor and Riordan shook hands. "How about a drink?" Riordan asked them.

"Love it," Elly answered, going into the bedroom.

Riordan returned to the kitchen, and Treanor could hear stifled laughter from the bedroom and then the sound of running water. He sat on the day bed. Riordan came back with the drinks and handed one to Bill, saying, "Rum and soda. Poisonous but effective." He took the other into the bedroom.

When he came out, he was accompanied by Elly's roommate, a tall, dark-haired girl with a long, intelligent face. She had a couple of blue bows over her ears and was wearing a wrapper.

"I'm Marnie Adams," she said.

Bill got up and shook hands.

"I've heard a lot about you," Marnie said. "Eleanor's been in a tizzy all week about your coming."

Bill had never figured out how to answer a gambit like that. He said, "Well, thanks."

He had fair success manufacturing talk with Marnie and the corporal and drank two more rum highballs before Elly appeared in a long, ruffled yellow dress and wearing her hair up.

IN the cab on the way to the Copacabana, Treanor said, "Where did you find her?"

"Marnie? She works at the same place I do. She's had a lot of tough luck, poor kid."

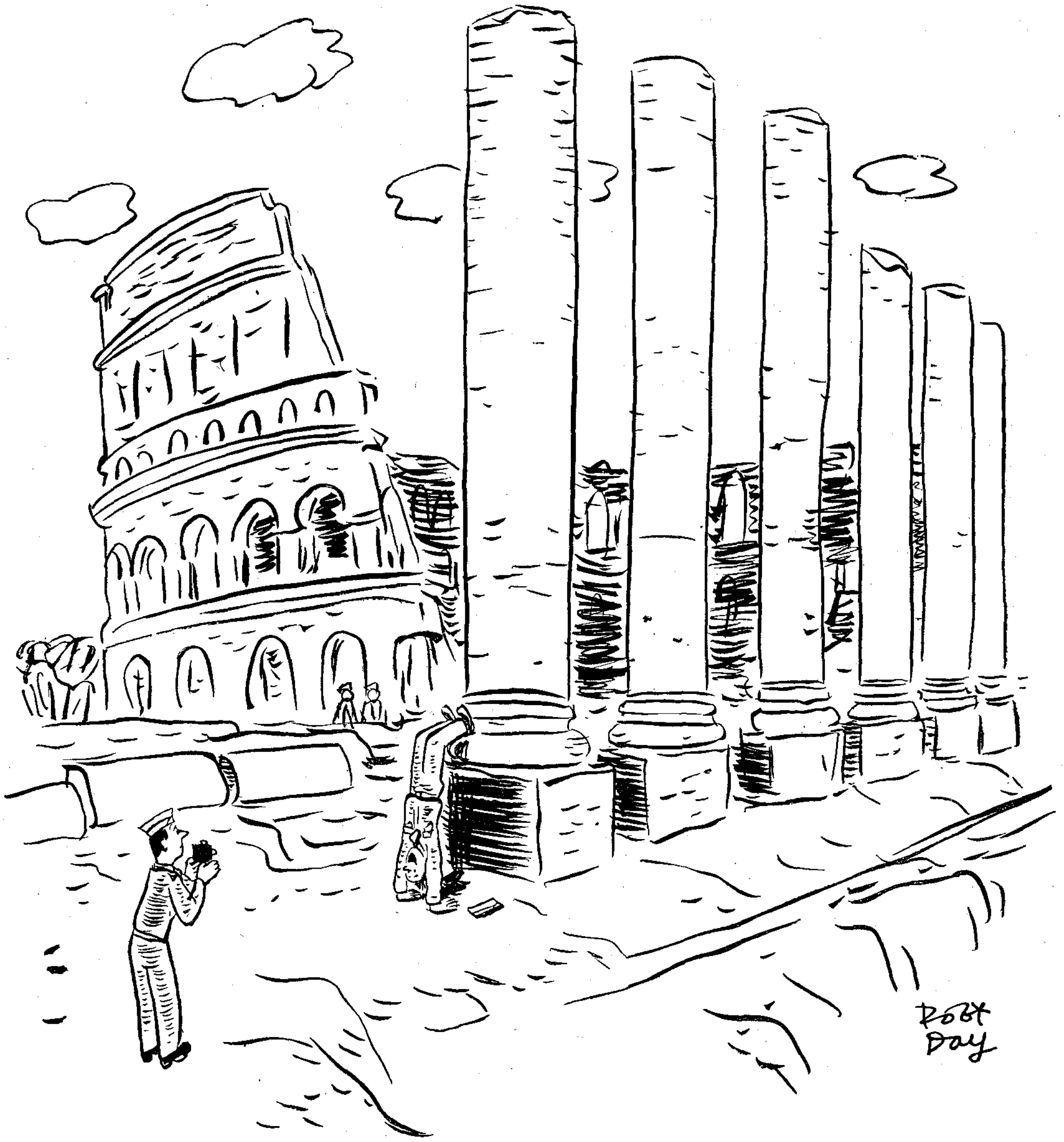
"She seems to be bearing up," he said.

"She's not, really. She's separated from her husband. He's in the Navy and she's still in love with him. She's had a hell of a time."

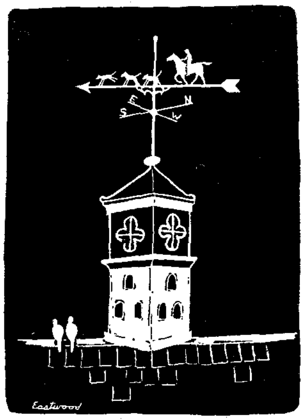
Treanor's headache was gone, but he could feel where it had been. It was stirring beneath the blanket that aspirin had put on his nerves. At the Copacabana he had two Martinis and they helped some. Then he had a highball.

He danced with Elly and she was very expert. It was pleasant to hold her close, to be with an attractive girl again, and to be feeling a little high.

There was a party of officers and their girls at the next table and before dinner was over they had all sort of coalesced. Treanor never got the women straight, whether they were wives or pick-ups. They all blended into a



pretty anonymity except one. She was a Southerner, a thin girl with a waspishly attractive face, who was with a stocky, full-jowled major. The major kept a possessive arm about the back of her chair and kept throwing her disjointed remarks. To each one she would reply "Whaat?" and when the remark was repeated she'd say, "Oh, you go on now . . ." Bill couldn't decide whether she was hard of hearing or slow of comprehension. An infantry captain became very much taken with Elly, and once, when Elly was off somewhere with the captain, Bill found himself dancing with the Southern girl, who began telling him in piercing accents how much she disliked Mrs. Roosevelt. Bill gave her back to the major. Elly still hadn't come back, so Bill had another highball and traded reminiscences of Ascension Island for reminiscences of North Africa with a beribboned sergeant who suddenly materialized beside him.



Later, there was a general, though hazy, agreement to move on to Leon & Eddie's. Bill and Elly rode in a cab with the captain and his girl, the sergeant, and a civilian and his wife. Elly sat on Bill's lap with her arm about his shoulder, and she kissed him once on the temple and once said, "You know, I should be marrying you instead of Mary."

"Why?"

"Then I could make a wonderful gag out of my name. Elly Trelly." She began to laugh immoderately. "Get it? Eleanor Treanor. Elly Trelly."

Leon & Eddie's was like New Year's Eve. After the second highball, Bill said to Elly, "Let's move."

"What?" asked Elly. She had been listening to the captain for some time. Now she put a quieting hand on his arm.

"Let's find the bar with all the calmth that you were talking about," Bill said.

IT was called Chumley's and was down in the Village. The captain, now without his girl, came with them. Chumley's was crowded, too, but at least there was no band. Elly discovered friends there, two soldiers and a drunken young man with bifocal glasses, all of whom came and sat at their table and continued an argument about Tom Dewey, whom they all disliked but in varying degrees.

Sometime later, a man with close-clipped, graying hair came over and announced himself by kissing the nape of Elly's neck.

"James!" cried Elly. "James! How are you?"

James was fine, and was introduced around. He reverted instantly to Elly, pulling up a chair from a nearby table. "Been looking on the wine when it was red, I see," he declared, using the accents of the Mr. Billingsley on the Jack Benny program.

He and Elly held a heads-together conference, with Elly doing most of the talking in urgent whispers and the man occasionally nodding slowly or giving her a slow smile but mostly looking into the mouth of his half-filled glass of beer. The captain, suddenly discouraged by Elly's absorption, moved over to another party at the bar.

James rose after a while, kissed the top of Elly's head, and went back to his own table, where a tall girl, who had been acting beautifully oblivious, was waiting for him.

All the spirit was gone from Elly and she said to Treanor, "Let's get out of this rat race."

THEY emerged into the quiet dark of the street and walked toward Sheridan Square, with Elly clinging miserably to Treanor's arm.

"Who was that?" Treanor asked. He was suddenly sober in the late-night air.

"That was James," she said, as though it would be too exhausting to say more.

"Are you in love with him?"

"I guess so."

Bill searched around for something fatherly to say. He came up with "You ought to be going with someone your own age."

Elly laughed. "That's a good one. Don't you know where the ones my age are?" She put her hand in his. "Not that it would make any difference."

It was after four.

"I'd better take you home," Bill said.

"No," said Elly. "Marnie and Chuck will be there. Let's go to your place."

"I'm taking you home," he answered savagely.

Elly looked at him. "I wouldn't mind, with you, Bill."

"Well, I would," he said.

"You mean because of Mary?"

"Shut up," said Treanor.

At the door of her house, she said, "You don't need to come up." He felt helpless standing there. He didn't like to think of what she was going up to, but he didn't know what to do about it. He'd be gone tomorrow anyway, and he couldn't change her life.

"Well, good night, Elly," he said.

"Good night," she answered, and he knew she was angry.

They stood there another moment and then he took her in his arms and kissed her hard. When he let her go, Elly said softly, "Poor Bill." Then she added, "And poor me. Poor Mary. Poor everybody."

She went up the steps and into the house, and Treanor turned and walked toward Washington Square. Ahead of him an electric milk truck moved with a faint tinkling of bottles across the intersection.

He wanted a drink, and he wanted a woman. But mostly he wanted to be out of New York, out of America.

He looked at his watch again. It was twenty of five.

"At least I'll be able to get to sleep," he thought, and went on toward his hotel. —ROBERT MCLAUGHLIN

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ARIA

Music lifting and falling,
Waiting itself below,
The bowl at the base of the fountain
Spilling the overflow
In streams of silk and silver
To runnels underground.
The music is more like water
In pattern than in sound.

Moreover, hear this music
And see this water rise
In light almost more brilliant
Than that of Paradise,
Light beyond light, revealing
No fleck of time, no trace
Of cloud, no bar of shadow
To mark the dial's face.

The double rush and cadence
Of intricate delight,
Music lifting and falling,
Like water, pure and bright,
And light, beyond all radiance,
Intense, complete, profound,
No cloud on the golden mountain,
No shade on the golden ground.

—ROLFE HUMPHRIES

A GUIDE TO THE LITERARY PILGRIMAGE

IN a certain restaurant on Third Avenue, whose proprietors are patrons of the arts, I was standing at the bar one evening, smiling in my beer, when a short, bald, middle-aged man appeared at my shoulder and said, "What sets *you* off from the other temperaments in this ateleer, Mac?" I could have run the fellow through with that cold, steady stare of mine which has been called "brown ice," but I found, a little to my surprise, that I had an answer to his question. "I am the only living writer," I said, "who has not called on George Bernard Shaw and who does not want to call on George Bernard Shaw." The character at my shoulder, who had expected to call forth from me a foolish grin and a few stammered words, slunk sheepishly down the bar to insult a rather peaked etcher who was quietly cursing to himself. I was left to examine, the way a squirrel examines a nut, the sudden little definition of singularity which I had tossed off. I could find no flaws in it.

It is not that I have anything against George Bernard Shaw or fail to appreciate his genius. It is neither an emotional blockage nor a mental judgment which stands in the way of my wanting to call on him. It is, I think, a purely nervous apprehension. I am afraid, perhaps, that I would sit in the great man's study gaping like a badly carved jack-o'-lantern, squirming and stammering like the hobbledehoy I really am under my well-groomed exterior, behind my mask of cold indifference.

On top of this singularly personal attitude toward calling on Shaw, there has been superimposed a pattern of actual experience—not my own experience, to be sure, but that of two other writers, Ralph Waldo Emerson and a man whom I shall call Mitchell Morris. The adventures of these two gentlemen in the homes of the literary great have persuaded me of a basic and unfortunate fact about the literary pilgrimage: it almost never comes off very well.

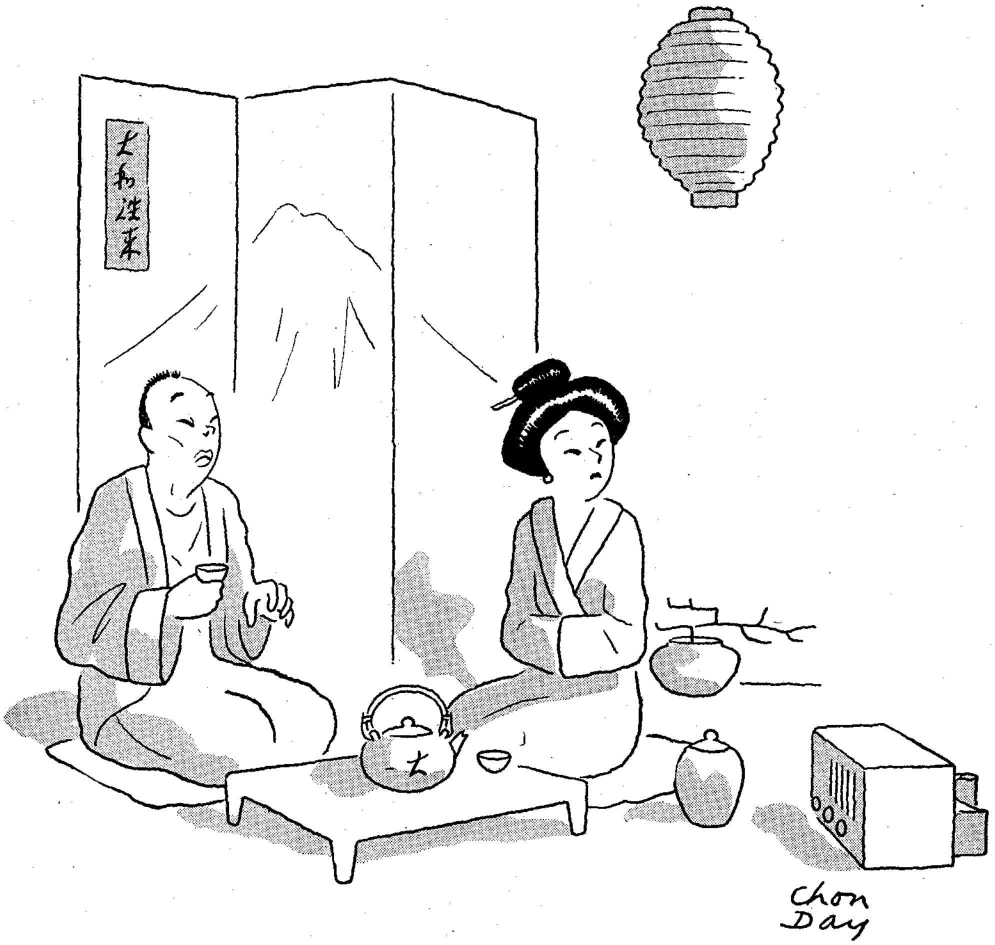
Emerson may have founded the American cult of the literary pilgrimage; at any rate, he risked a tricky stomach on a sailing ship more than a hundred years ago to pay his respects to Wordsworth, Coleridge, Carlyle, and Landor. He found in Carlyle a man who was to become a lifelong friend (they even kind of romped together, a thing I would have gone a long way to see), but he didn't do so well with the others. Wordsworth, who had just broken a front tooth, recited two sonnets while he and his guest both stood looking at each other—surely one of the most uncomfortable moments in the annals of the literary pilgrimage. Coleridge wore green spectacles and argued querulously about Unitarianism. Landor disagreed about almost everything his visitor brought up, from military leaders through Southey to the Latin poets.

The case of my writer friend, Mitchell Morris, was more recent and quite different. Morris called on the late William Bolitho at his villa in southern France about fifteen years ago. After my friend had presented himself, Bolitho said, "I will talk for an hour and you will talk for an hour."

The Bolitho system of literary communion has never seemed sound to me. If I were the man told off to speak last, I would not be able to take in what the other man was saying because I would be trying to think of something to say when my own turn came. This would lead to the stiff posture, the horrible smile, the inattentive monosyllabic interjection, and the glazed expression of the eye. When my host's hour was up, I am afraid I would only be able to repeat, over and over, "This is a mighty nice place you've got here."

IF the adventures of Emerson and Morris in the living rooms of the great serve to prove that the literary communion of literary men is by no means a pleasurable and relaxing way to pass an afternoon, the experience of another writer I know who called on André Gide in North Africa recently establishes the rare and pleasant exception to the rule. The distinguished old Frenchman, it came out, was, at the moment, immersed in a profound study of the works of the American intellectual, Dashiell Hammett. Now, the works of Dashiell Hammett happen to constitute a field in which I can hold my own with anyone, a field in which, on one occasion, I even held my own with the celebrated author himself.

I should explain, at this point, that Mr. Hammett and I did not meet by appointment. He did not call on me and I did not call on him. We ran into each other at Tony's, once the fashion-



"Our losses were comparatively light—one insignificant aircraft carrier and five little battleships."

able meeting place of the literati of two continents. In Tony's in the old days, literary communion was informal to the point of rough-and-tumble, and a writer did not sit at the feet of another writer unless he was knocked there.

Well (to get farther and farther away from my friend's call on Gide), Hammett was pleased to announce that the only author whose writing had influenced his own was the late Henry James. It chanced that the subtle but notable similarities between "The Maltese Falcon" and "The Wings of the Dove" had been apparent to me long before they were exposed by Henry Morton Robinson. My own monograph on this curious literary resemblance, "Could Dashiell Hammett Have Created Sam Spade and Ned Beaumont if Henry James Had Not Created Merton Densher and Lambert Strether?," had, unfortunately, been stored in a warehouse in Bridgeport which burned down in 1934.

Furthermore, it would be just my luck, if I called on Gide, to catch him during a period of Hammett-fag, so that he would be in no mood to listen to the brilliant and carefully prepared parallel I can draw between "The Glass Key" and "The Golden Bowl." Monsieur Gide would probably open up on me by saying, "You are familiar, of course, with the works of Aristide Luchon?" It is my embarrassed tendency in such cases to reply, "Yes. Oh, yes, indeed." Surely no one can imagine a more awful way to spend an afternoon than by attempting to discuss novels or plays one has never read, written by a man one has never heard of.

MY fear about Shaw is that he might, to get back at me for some casual mention of the resemblance between "The Thin Man" and "The Sacred Fount," *invent* out of thin air a writer named Aristide Luchon. In all the calendar of dirty tricks one writer can play on another, this is the dirtiest. I believe that Shaw would be capable of such black deviltry. In fact, I sometimes see him, in my dreams, leaning toward me and saying, "Do you agree with me that the character of Mathilde in Luchon's 'Dormer Avant le Coucher du Soleil' is badly thought out?" I ride into that with all the reckless courage of Governor Bricker, crying, "I do, indeed!" and the fat is in the fire, the cat out of the bag, the jig up, and my audience with Shaw at an end. His satanic laughter, as I run full upon his rapier, rings through my nightmares and brings me, panting and terrified, awake.

These nightmares inspired me to work on a set of rules called "The Young Writer's Guide to the Literary Pilgrimage." The rules are by no means complete, but if they serve to lighten in any way the burden of the visiting—or of the visited—author, I shall be amply repaid for my pains.

RULE I. Bear in mind always that you are the minor artist and that the man you are calling on is the major artist. Otherwise, he would be calling on you. He is not going to write an article about your visit to him; hence, who you are and what you have written will serve only to embarrass him. Thus, it is extremely bad form to present yourself with a loud, proud "I am George Benton Fields." The great man might respond with a pseudo-hearty "Well, I should say you are!"* and the interview would be off to an awkward start. It is equally unfortunate and dangerous to open up with a muttered "My name is Fields, sir." Your host might bellow irritably, "Speak up, man!," or he might address you all afternoon as Mr. Fieldser, which would be most uncomfortable.

Sedulously avoid any of the three principal forms of the General or Indefinite Introduction. These are as follows: 1. The Modest or Casual Presentation: "I am a writer from Seattle, Washington." 2. The Self-Derogatory Introduction: "I am a broken-hearted bum from Warren, Ohio." 3. The Flippant or Facetious Identification: "I am a little stiff from Bowling Green, and my actuary gives me only thirty-five years to live." In the first place, you will have made an appointment (if not, you might as well get back on your bicycle), so the Master will know who you are and what you want, in a general sort of way. Just say "How do you do, sir?" and let him take the lead from there.

RULE II. Do not attempt to impress the great man with some observation or aphorism of your own which you have carefully polished up for the occasion, such as "The noblest study of mankind is insects," or "The César Franck D Minor Symphony is a fraternity whistle," or "Clover leaves rarely strike four times in the same place," or "There are two ways to get a subject down—pat and mike." The ice may never be broken if you start out like that.

RULE III. Do not come out with (and this is especially directed to the visiting female author) "I have simply *devoured* every line you have ever written, and I *adore* them all!" If, by the end of the afternoon (or of the first five minutes), the great man comes to the conclusion that you are an indiscriminating ass, he may be moved to do some rash and deplorable violence to his novels or plays. Many a distinguished author in his advanced years has completely revised the entire body of his work, usually for the worse. The reason has long remained a mystery, but in the lady who devours and adores every line, I think we have the answer.

RULE IV. Keep all critics' names out of the conversation. Do not say, "As Van Wyck Brooks [or Bernard De Voto] so aptly put it . . ." It is more than likely that the mention of the name of any critic since Sainte-Beuve has been strictly forbidden in the shrine for more than forty years.

RULE V. Be careful, if you mention any of the writer's works (and you better had), not to confuse him with some other writer. H. G. Wells has said that most of the people who visit him inform him that his best novel by far is "The Old Wives' Tale."

RULE VI. For God's sake don't recite anything. What do you suppose Wordsworth would have thought if Emerson had recited a couple of his own poems to *him* (Wordsworth)?

RULE VII. Don't bring the celebrated artist a letter of introduction from Herbert Bayard Swope, Clarence Budington Kelland, Robert Alphonso Taft, Gene Tunney, George Palmer Putnam, H. V. Kaltenborn, Dan Golenpaul, or some Scarsdale woman who claims she met the old boy on a ship during a frightful crossing to Pernambuco. It is better not even to mention this woman's name or the name of the ship (or Pernambuco or Scarsdale).

RULE VIII. Do not come into the Presence bearing gifts. He has almost everything, doesn't need anything, and likes practically nothing. Furthermore,

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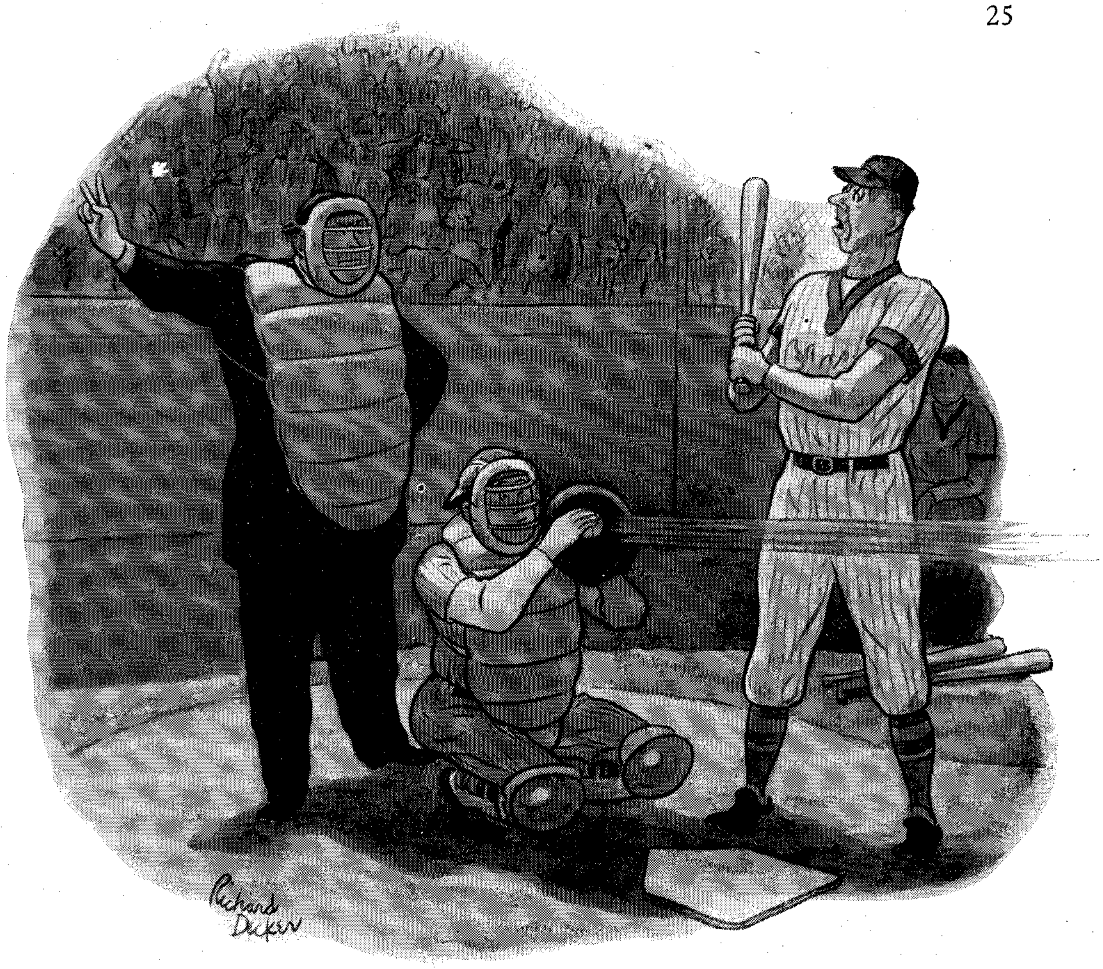
*A comeback made by the late Clare Briggs when a total stranger approached him with "I am Henry Preston Barnes."



"I beg to differ."

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it is very hard for him to say "Thank you." In the case of a great many offerings, I don't blame him. Here is a list of gifts which should especially be excluded: a clipping of an article written by the eminent gentleman for a school paper when he was fifteen; a copy of one of his plays done on the head of a tenpenny nail; a copy of one of his plays translated into Shawnee by an employee of the Department of the Interior; a paragraph laboriously constructed by rearranging all the words in the titles of all his books and intended to supply a key to What He Has Been Trying to Say; any caricatures, effigies, or likenesses of the great man, particularly those made out of typewriter punctuation marks, embroidery floss, field-corn kernels, buckeyes, matches, toothpicks, pipe cleaners, paper clips, tiddlywinks, dice, pigeon feathers, spools, milk-bottle caps, cigar bands, BB shot, or potatoes. The value of these objects is not enhanced by the fact that they were made by a child under seven, a woman over ninety, a Camp Fire Girl, Mayor LaGuardia, the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, or a midget.

RULE IX. Do not take with you your friends and neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Howard M. Phillips, who happen to be travelling with you. If I know Mrs. Phillips, and I think I do, she will tell about her niece who, though only nine, writes verse and composes music. She will try to read some of the poems, which she always carries in her handbag, and, if there is a piano, she may even play one of the child's sonatas.

RULE X. If, on your arrival, the door is opened by a member of the literary figure's household who says that the Master will not be able to see you for forty-eight hours, do not hang around the house or the neighborhood. Go away.

RULE XI. If, in such a case, you do go away, do not leave behind, for the distinguished writer to read, a thousand-word note written in longhand and beginning, "In 1908, when my brother-in-law was an oiler on a Danish cattle boat, he found one of your," etc., etc., etc. Don't leave any note at all. Just go away.

RULE XII. And stay away.

IF you are protesting that my Guide to the Literary Pilgrimage does not so much present my reasons for not wanting to call on Shaw as it does his probable reasons for not wanting me, or you (or your Aunt Clara, who once had a piece in *Harper's* "Lion's Mouth"), to call on him, I can only point out that my reluctance to make the pilgrimage is implicit in the very nature of the rules. Beyond the suggestion that the visitor should begin with a simple "How do you do, sir?" the rules do not offer any instructions as to what to say. This is because I have not been able to think of anything to say in the presence of George Bernard Shaw, and I do not believe that Shaw would be amused by anyone who just sat there and said nothing.

The only famous writer I have ever heard of who did not expect his companion to say anything at all was the late Hendrik Willem van Loon. A friend of mine, who used to ride with van Loon from Stamford to New York several times a week, determined one day on a test. He decided to greet van Loon on the Stamford platform on this particular morning simply with a smile and a handshake and to leave him in Grand Central station the same way, having said no word. He wondered if the great man would catch on to the fact that his companion had not once opened his mouth. The next morning, he again came up to van Loon on the Stamford platform and said, "That was a fine discussion we had on the train yesterday." "It was, indeed," said van Loon. "I enjoyed it a great deal."

That would surely be too much to expect of Mr. Shaw. Or perhaps I should say too much for Mr. Shaw to expect of me. In any event, I have written enough about what I do not intend to say on a literary pilgrimage I am never going to make.

—JAMES THURBER

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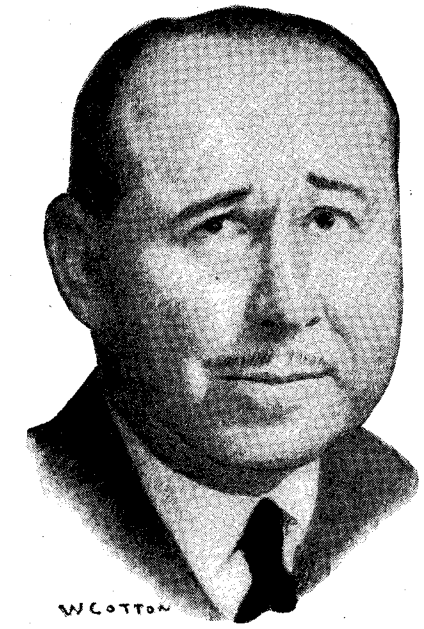
Kyser, bespectacled, was born thirty-eight years ago in Rocky Mountain, N. C.
—*The Sun.*

Some of those storks are great clowns.



PROFILES

PUBLIC RELATIONS—II

LIKE many other publicity men, Russell Birdwell is a polysyllable fancier. His favorite tandem of adjectives is "provocative and unpredictable." He likes to fix up his clients with provocative and unpredictable personalities. He has been suspected of shoving some of his clients around in order to show that he is a bit provocative and unpredictable himself. He dropped one famous motion-picture producer from his clientele because the producer wanted to hold breakfast conferences. Birdwell breakfasts with nobody. He cancelled the account of a director for using bad language in the presence of a Birdwell secretary. There was a touch of injustice in this, as the director didn't know there was any other language. Birdwell struck a famous star from his books because she scolded his switchboard operator, but she obtained reinstatement by apologizing to the girl. His feeling for secretaries and telephone girls is a relic of his years as a newspaper reporter. He was one of those sagacious journalists who owed their rise partly to showering secretaries and telephone girls with kind words, candy, and flowers. Everything that happens in Hollywood is known in about three hours. The stories of Birdwell's unceremonious treatment of some of his gaudiest customers helped his prestige. A man is admitted to be a celebrity when he lords it over other celebrities.

Birdwell refused an annual fee of fifty thousand dollars from a group of world reorganizers because he didn't want to be identified with a brave new world that wouldn't work. He turned down a discrowned monarch on suspicion of race prejudice and turned down a large business organization for the same reason. When Birdwell refuses a fee, he usually acts from motives of self-preservation. He thinks that a press agent, publicity man, or public-relations counsellor absorbs any odium that may attach to his clients. His profession is unique in that respect, as he sees it. A lawyer represents financial pirates without being considered a robber of widows and orphans. A writer turns out murder mysteries without being accused of slipping cyanide and curare into the tea. But a publicity man is supposed to be a public enemy, a glamorous idiot, an obsolete stuffed shirt, or a thirty-second-degree Fascist if his clients fit into those classifications. There are classic precedents in support of Birdwell's reasoning. When Theodore Roosevelt started the Bull Moose campaign in 1912, he hired the late Roscoe Mitchell but fired him two days later on learning that he had been press agent for Dr. Cook. Mitchell did good work for the debatable discoverer, but he never stopped suffering from it. The late Ivy Lee, founder of the modern art of public relations, was popularly regarded as a Cagliostro and Machiavelli because he represented Standard Oil when it stood lowest in public opinion. Lee taught his clients to get good publicity by deserving it. Because of his pioneer work, scores of corporations have reformed their behavior in order to live up to their press agents. But Lee never received any recognition as a reformer. He is still a sinister figure in the soap-box folklore of the time.

Birdwell has a morbid fear of reflected odium. He won't have a client with any glaring eccentricities except those which are carefully planned in the Birdwell office. He refused an offer from one rather drab piece of Presidential timber for fear that the man's colorlessness might be contagious. He accepted thirty thousand dollars a year and expenses from ex-King Carol, but not until convinced that the former monarch had the makings of a sympathetic figure. A wealthy woman offered him a staggering fee for a "prestige campaign." She didn't act, paint, write, or work at anything. Birdwell couldn't understand what good a publicity campaign would do for a lily of the field. "I want headwaiters to know me when I come in," she explained. Birdwell declined the account. He is afraid of what is technically known as "vanity publicity," asserting that it makes the press agent look sillier than the client. There are no statistics on the subject, but the Birdwell organization claims that it has rejected more fees than it has accepted. This claim is not an allegation that Birdwell hates money. He has, however, the kind of business prudence which controls the avarice of the present for the sake of the avarice of the future.

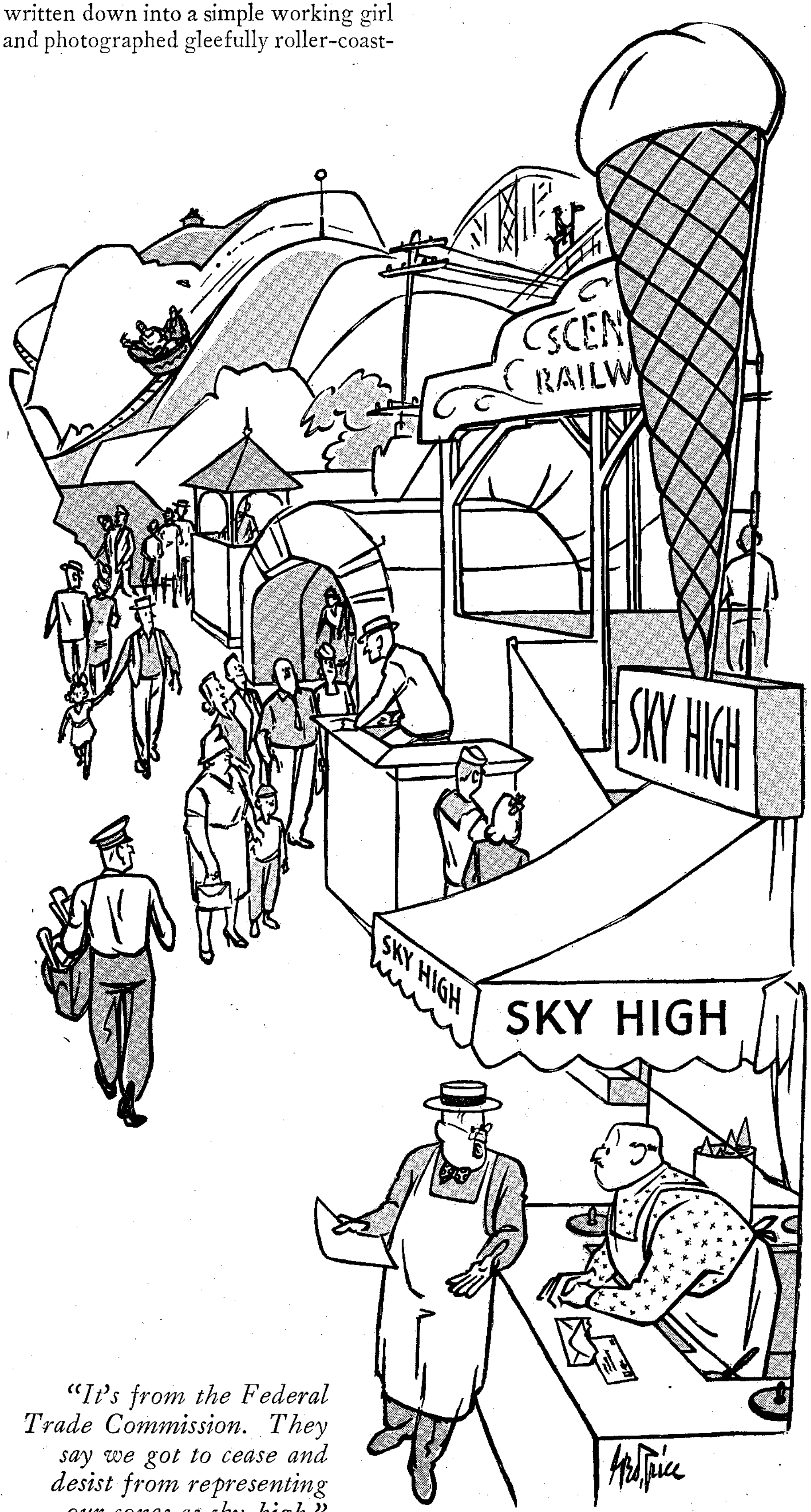
Birdwell does some free publicity. One free client was China Relief. He helped to make it fashionable by mixing big names and quaint costumes, an ideal combination for newspaper and magazine art. Some awkwardness was threatened at his biggest Chinese party when one of the young Rockefellers arrived in a Japanese costume, but the situation was saved by a lightning-change act. Another free client is Birdwell's gardener's niece, who is now in the act of springing out of the publicity man's head as a full-fledged Hollywood personality.

Still another free client was Elaine Shepard. Miss Shepard had made the mistake of becoming gregarious in Hollywood before she was prominent in pictures. Since she was well known, it was assumed that every studio in town had tested her and that she had failed. Premature popularity killed her novelty value and spoiled her chances. She was barely making a living as an extra and a model when she ran two dollars up to five hundred in a poker game one night. She went to Birdwell and told him she wanted to buy five hundred dollars' worth of his services. He doesn't touch that kind of money; he has a horror of germs. But he happened to be feeling whimsical and decided to wave a magic wand over the girl. She flew to New York, preceded by quotations from high authorities describing her as Hollywood's most gorgeous model. Careful consideration was given to the taste of New York art editors. Arriving on a T.W.A. plane, she presented herself upside down to the cameras, standing on her head on a wing of the plane and running through the Yoga exercises to which she attributed her ideal dimensions. She was called on to be a judge in a beauty contest at the

World's Fair. The other judges lost their judicial minds over her and awarded her the prize instead of picking any of the duly entered contestants. America's most experienced beauty authority, James Montgomery Flagg, after comparing Elaine in memory with approximately twenty-eight thousand snowflakes of yesteryear, pronounced her "almost perfect." The Institute of Human Art popped out of nowhere, gave her a loving cup five feet high for the most interesting face and body of 1939, then popped back into nowhere. She was soon getting thirty-five dollars an hour as a model. The inventors of a new color camera moved piano-sized experimental apparatus from New Jersey to New York and photographed her for three hours. Talent scouts discovered her and she went back to Hollywood at seven hundred dollars a week. But she made the familiar mistake of believing her press notices. Dean Swift wrote an essay solemnly warning politicians against believing their own lies, an argument which applies to believing one's own publicity. Rising dizzily from her scrapbooks and fan mail, Elaine persecuted the Hollywood magnates. She found, in the great-lady manner, that practically everything stank, and she explicitly threatened to call in the Board of Health about her dialogue. She was soon out of pictures. Back in New York before her publicity here had cooled off, she became a sensational model again, was rediscovered, and was taken back to Hollywood. This time, chastened by experience, she kept her greatness in reserve and started on a promising career.

BIRDWELL's clients lead, to some extent, the lives of characters in novels. They are partly real, partly literary creations. A few strong-minded clients do as they please except when specifically written into publicity episodes; others don't expect to have much existence outside of the publicity releases. It is a curious art form in which character and incident are grafted upon flesh-and-blood heroes and heroines and in which the finished work is serialized in radio, newsreels, newspapers, magazines, and three-color posters. It is also a curious art form in which the characters pay the author twenty-five thousand dollars a year and expenses.

Birdwell wrote a Cinderella story around Jane Russell, the chiropractor's receptionist who became one of the leading stars in the country before she had appeared in a picture. He reversed the Cinderella story in the cases of Norma Shearer and Marlene Dietrich. He felt that Miss Shearer had been estranged from her public by too much great-lady and big-money publicity. The fans had begun to look on her as Lady Croesus. Birdwell impoverished and declassed her. Within a few weeks she had been written down into a simple working girl and photographed gleefully roller-coasting at Coney Island and gormandizing Cracker Jack. It was found that she had received almost nothing from the estate of Irving Thalberg and that she couldn't afford to stop acting. Marlene's case was a little different. She had lost popularity because some of her parts had sophisticated her completely off the planet and left her flying through space.



"It's from the Federal Trade Commission. They say we got to cease and desist from representing our cones as sky-high."

WIND FROM HOME

Along his plane, an empty blue mile high,
He heard the wind go sad and make a cry,
And in this alien heaven walled around him
He knew the wind of home had come and found him.
The wind away on his own azure coast,
That little south wind hanging like a ghost
On his room's eaves, even in fairest weather,
Had come a thousand miles. They were together.

It was the wind that has the sea inside it.
The men within his blood had learned to ride it
On cloth wings leaning white along the waves
Where some of them had found their blue, deep graves.
Now he was riding it on his own kind
Of sails, with land and sea both left behind.
It was the old wind in this strange new weather,
Men in his blood and this man flew together.

—Robert P. Tristram Coffin

• •

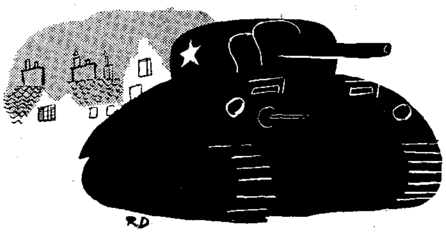
The first thing necessary was to bring her back to the planet. She was swiftly rewritten from a sophisticated exotic into a jolly peasant. The new plot required her to spend most of her time messing about the kitchen and romping with her daughter. But her former assets were not entirely ignored. The Institute of Human Art popped out of nowhere again, gave her the grand award for the most expressive kneecap of the year, and popped back into nowhere. Famous novelists have complained that their characters sometimes get independent and throw the authors' schemes into confusion. Marlene jumped clear out of the context when she found that Birdwell had done her over into a cowgirl. It took weeks to coax her back into the plot. But she was finally induced to appear as a big-hearted Western hellion in "Destry Rides Again," and years were added to her life as a star.

The novelists have it easy. Fictional characters are models of obedience compared to half-fictional ones. Every now and then the Birdwell creations refuse to be mental images and insist on being regular meat people. Young characters are particularly hard to control when the printer's ink runs hot in their veins. They make dates with the wrong individuals and get tangled up in incidents that spoil months of hard work by the writer. The author of the "Elsie" books wouldn't have liked it if Elsie had appeared in the hot spots with super-annuated wolves. Dickens would have been confused if Little Nell had turned into Nell Gwyn in the middle of the book. Birdwell discovered one day that one of the children of his fancy had become engaged without the literary parent's knowledge or consent. He told her to go get herself another press agent. She asked why. "The man that you have picked is not the kind of a man that a client of mine ought to be married to," said Birdwell. Between her press agent and her fiancé, the star chose her press agent without hesitation. All communication was broken off with the betrothed. He called on Birdwell. The publicity man courteously explained that the visitor was not the kind of man a Birdwell client ought to be married to. The visitor sighed. "I think that public relations are very strange," he said, with such beautiful resignation that Birdwell shook his hand.

In another case, the publicity man made the mistake of placing his stamp of approval on a husband who turned out to be a megalomaniac. The man suffered from the gorgeous delusion that, instead of being the star's husband, he was the star's press agent. Birdwell cancelled the account.

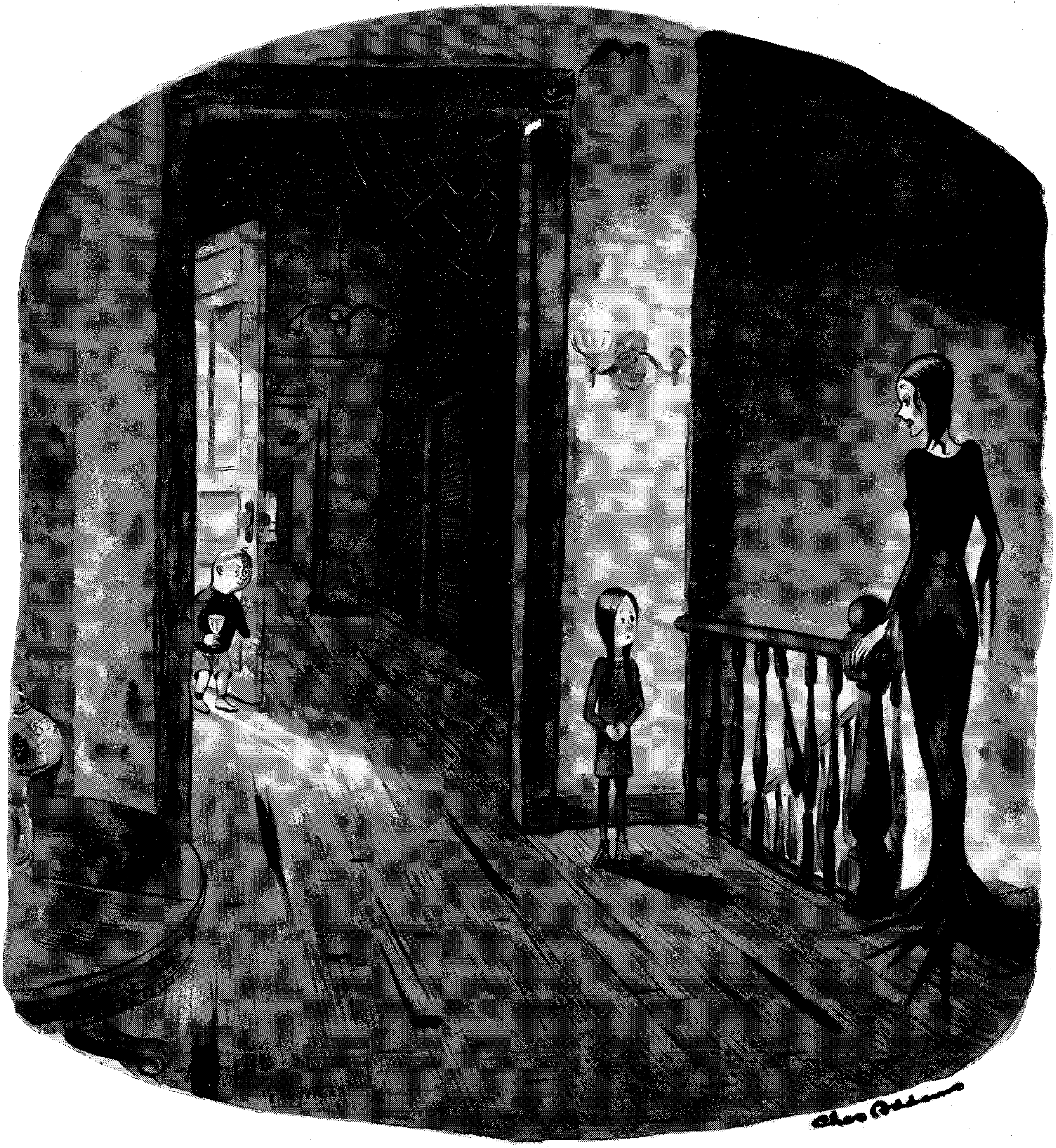
Jane Russell violated the unities by appearing with a boy friend at a football game in San Francisco. She is the most carefully thought-out brain child in Hollywood. As the only star to become a star before being seen in a picture, she is practically one-hundred-per-cent suspense. Unexpected glimpses of her have been permitted at Army camps, ship landings, and war rallies, but Birdwell has worked ceaselessly for years to keep her wrapped in an atmosphere of mystery and anticipation. Camera shots are allowed, but newsreel shots are not. Until her first picture is generally released, the public will be allowed to see her still but not vibrating. At the football game she not only let forty thousand people get an unauthorized look at her but ran the risk of being filmed in motion. However, after this one fling at life, she melted and ran back into the printed page.

Birdwell has provided some of his semi-fictitious characters with semi-fictitious families. He sent scouts to San Francisco to work up a reunion of the Young family when Loretta Young appeared there at a première. Armies of Youngs marched to the station to greet her. Being an authentic descendant of Brigham Young, she abounds in half aunts, half uncles, and half cousins, but the legion of greeters was heavily alloyed with pseudo-Youngs and with platoons of Yoongs and Yungs from Chinatown.



Except for war rallies and special publicity occasions, Birdwell likes to keep his characters in splendid isolation. It upsets his plans to have it mentioned in print that Birdwell characters were seen lunching with any of the flagrant nonentities of the film colony. A Birdwell client may be Left Wing in his politics but is supposed to be feudal in his associations. What is called "association publicity" is a highly developed technique. The first rule of "association publicity" is divided into two branches: a climber must never be seen except with persons who have arrived; persons who have arrived must never be seen with a climber. It is a contradictory rule and constant vigilance is required to make it work. Some clients are always calling up to ask "Can I dine with Roger at Chasen's?" or "Can I lunch with Mabel at the Brown Derby?" The reply of the anxious literary parent is almost invariably "No." Birdwell prescribed no publicity at all for one client for months until her commonness was all worn off. Thoughtlessly eating around is said to have hurt many promising careers.

If the client doesn't eat with the great, the association may be effected in some other way. A Birdwell client or two regularly appear on a list of the ten best-dressed women of the year, a list that is invariably headed by Mrs. Roosevelt. Congressman Clare Luce always appears against her will in the dress-



"Well, don't come whining to me. Go tell him you'll poison him right back."

• •

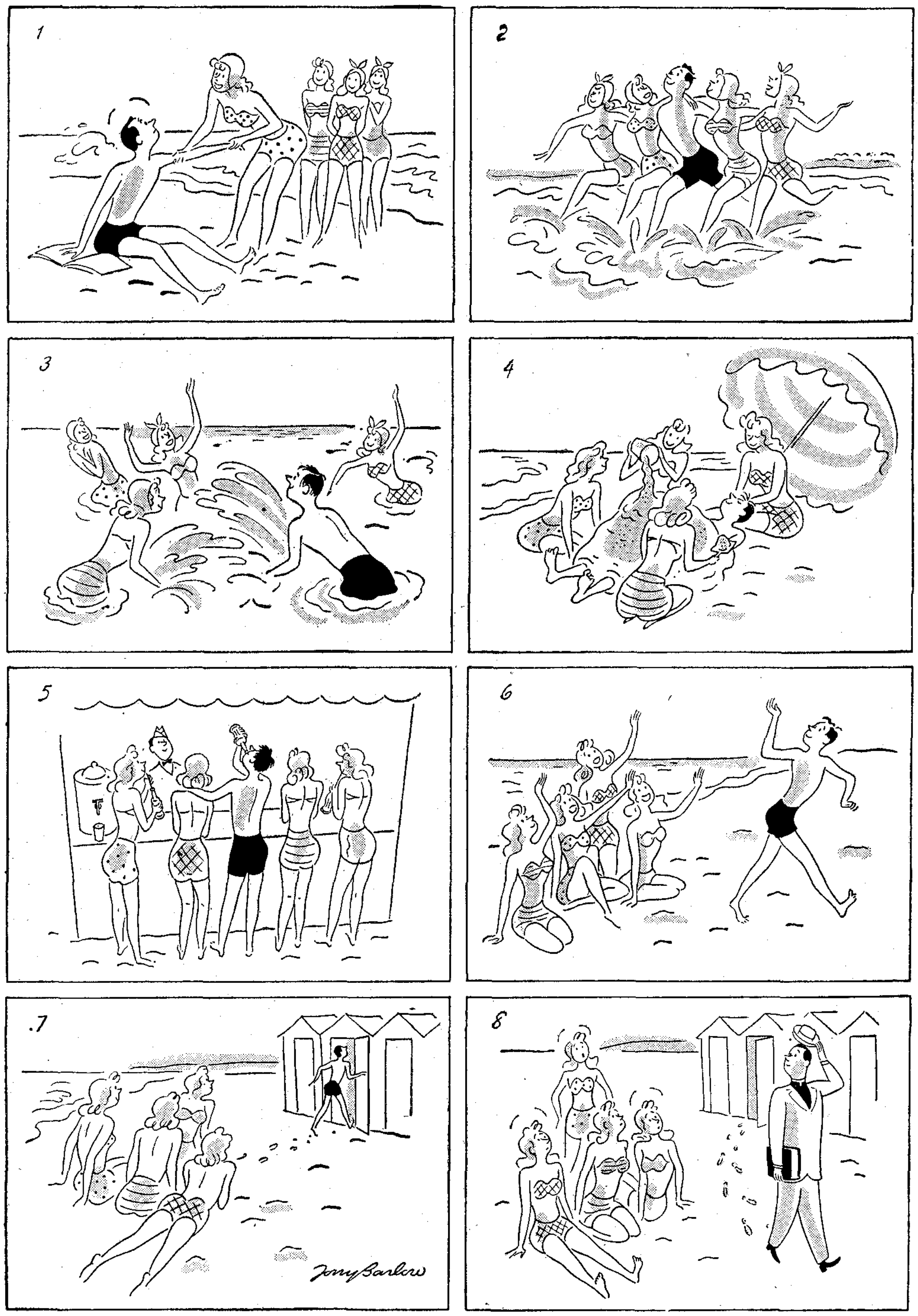
makers' Valhalla and always denounces it as a trivial and obnoxious institution, unintentionally adding to its publicity. Just as judges hold office only so long as they are on their good behavior, Birdwell clients are the best-dressed women in America only so long as they are Birdwell clients. If they quit his clientele, they disappear from the list of the best-dressed ten and presumably become landscapes of dowdiness. Birdwell developed into a specialist in costuming through years of study of what art editors like. He invented the cellophane bathing suit for one of his clients. He has worried the Hays organization and the police with a few of his efforts to please art editors. Some of his personalities lean heavily on his advice on wardrobe matters. One Hollywood star called up Birdwell to tell him that she was going to an event in the Hollywood Bowl. "Can I wear my ermine coat?" she asked. "Yes," said Birdwell.

The client had asked the question because of an incipient social conscience. A Communist wave had swept over the higher-bracket people in Hollywood. Some had undoubtedly arrived at their conclusions by deep-dish thinking; others were probably influenced by rumors that heads attached to ermine torsos would come off first. Birdwell O.K.'d the ermine because the situation had changed and heads would continue to be worn on the most expensive shoulders.

As a publicity man, Birdwell is not a word painter like Richard Maney, who gets his propaganda into print by sheer power of style, or a phrasemaker like Charles Washburn, who coined "platinum blonde" for Jean Harlow. Birdwell may be excelled in one department or another by some of his able competitors in New York and Hollywood. It is doubtful that anyone is ahead of him in fertility of invention. He was born with the gift and started to develop it early in life. At the age of twelve, in Dallas, he began to create incidents and tie them up to news events in order to break into journalism. Birdwell tried to interest the editors of Dallas newspapers in his account of a hanging. He failed. They took more interest in his account of a second hanging because he had inside information that the condemned man had carried a rabbit's foot with him to the gallows. After a third hanging, Birdwell came in with the exact text of the prisoner's last words. After a fourth, he had the sole copy of the prisoner's last letter. From then on he was authorized to hang around the newspaper office all he wanted to, but the newspaper was too dignified to have a twelve-year-old reporter on its staff. Birdwell obtained his inside knowledge of the hangings by behind-the-scenes manipulations differing very little from his later operations. He had instinctively made the jail his headquarters because of a craving to be where things were happening. He became a volunteer errand boy for the jailers and a letter writer for illiterate prisoners. He had a fine journalistic gift for passing unnoticed. He got into hospital operating rooms and secret political conferences because of his faculty of seeming to belong wherever he was. Once, when his charter-member air failed to gain him admission to an important hanging, he got in by saying he was the sheriff's only son. With criminals he was auld lang syne at first sight. He had no trouble inducing friends about to be hanged to oblige him by carrying a rabbit's foot, or manufacturing some other news angle.

Once Birdwell passed unnoticed into the prison chapel with a colored congregation which was holding final services for one of its members. The prison authorities allowed the folks to bring in dozens of watermelons out of the traditional respect for a condemned man's last wish. As the visitors started to pray, the prisoner weighed a melon in his hands, estimated the distance to the concrete floor, and dropped the melon in such a way that it broke open and the heart popped into his hands. As the praying, hymning, preaching, and shouting of "Amen" went on, the prisoner kept dropping melons, always with such accuracy that he was able to catch the heart in mid-air. He ate the centres, paying no attention to the sides. As the last melon and last hymn were concluded, a keeper led the prisoner away. Birdwell wrote up the scene and had the satisfaction of seeing his work in print, although considerably rewritten. But he still wasn't hired by the paper.

One day Birdwell bought a meal for a hungry stranger, listened to his life story, and wrote



FULL THROTTLE TOWARD THE FINAL BLOW

Echoing the roar of guns and throb of tanks on distant battlefields, the hurrying song of giant driver wheels rings without letup along the steel paths of America's railroads. • The railroads are putting all their steam into a single purpose — that of making sure that American fighting men get the things they need to hasten war's end. • The products of farm and factory must flow surely, steadily and swiftly to the far-flung battle fronts. There must be plenty — ahead of time. • It is here the railroads serve. For about nine-tenths of everything the armed services require is carried by the rails. • Day after day, night after night, every railroad man is striving, every available wheel is turning, toward this goal — that there shall be no let-down in getting under way all the goods which victory needs.

Stahl
BUY
MORE
WAR
BONDS

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

LISTEN: AUGUST 26, 1944

Seeing that picture of people in a Norman village gathered around a radio that had been so long *verboten* reminded us that three nights a week, after he has finished his regular CBS news broadcast, Ned Calmer leaves the domestic studio and goes to the OWI shortwave to broadcast to the French what has been going on in the States and around the world during the past two days. With long years of journalistic residence in France behind him, it's natural and fortunate that Calmer does his broadcast in uncommonly good French—and what's more, he writes it in French himself, with one finger. Underground reports from France long before invasion testify that he was regularly and eagerly heard.

★

On Labor Day, Sept. 4, Parks Johnson and Warren Hull will broadcast the 906th program in a series that started 12 years ago with a man-in-the-street interview in Houston, Texas. The radio technician and his apparatus sat in an empty store with Johnson of KTRH at the end of a 50-foot cable outside the store holding a microphone in front of passers-by. Since then Johnson and Hull in their *Vox Pop* program have interviewed people in diving bells, subway tunnels, airplanes and coal mines; they've entertained over 700,000 service men and war workers, traveling 226,000 miles to cover 41 states, Canada, Puerto Rico, Mexico, Cuba.

Recently they took part in the farm festival at Yankton, S. D., home of CBS affiliate WNAX, and the tallest radio transmitter in the U. S. (927 feet), but couldn't climb it. They're "on" every Monday at 8 p.m. EWT.

★

Don't worry about the cranberries, in case you were. Two-thirds of the nation's crop comes from the tidy bogs of Cape Cod. Years ago plenty of crops were ruined by mean-minded frosts, but not any longer, because the whole cranberry area is covered by station WEEI (CBS in Boston). Starting Sept. 1, each year now, WEEI works with the U.S. Weather Bureau and the county agents on the Cape to broadcast frost warnings twice a day, in plenty of time to flood the bogs if she gets nippy. Growers write WEEI things like this: "Your help saved a substantial portion of our crop and will continue to save a good many thousands of barrels of cranberries for folks who can't be reached by phone or who couldn't afford to pay for such a service."

Now will any CBS station looking out for the turkey crop please come forward?

★

Along about November it will be possible for a marine on an island, a boatswain's mate on a hospital ship, a trooper in Europe to tune in to CBS' noted educational program, *The American School of the Air.*

With the blessing and help of the Morale Service Division, ASF, the Monday and Wednesday "School of the Air" programs discussing science and geography will be broadcast by the 400 AFRS stations to service men and women scattered throughout the world. Recordings will be made of the two programs each week, then flown to the Army stations for broadcasting.

As victory marches forward American soldiers tuned into the geography program may hear a colorful description of the countryside they and their fellows all over the world are working in. In the series on science they will hear much about the latest technical developments for the postwar world.

For millions of American adults and school children the *American School of the Air* starts its fifteenth consecutive year on Monday, October 9, presenting a series of programs covering the world of science, music, geography, literature and current events, from Monday to Friday at 9:15 a.m. EWT (rebroadcast at 3:30 p.m. EWT).

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

it down in several thousand words, which he took to the city editor. It was an Iliad of domestic trouble with a Chicago woman. The city editor handed back the copy but wanted to see the stranger. Birdwell produced him. The man's life story was reduced to about two hundred words and printed. "I think we ought to find a place for you here," the city editor said to Birdwell. To the boy's great humiliation, the place that was found was in the delivery department. He counted out papers to the newsboys and counted up the nickels they brought back. After a few months of this, there was a shake-up on the paper, and Birdwell, at thirteen, became afternoon police reporter.

Birdwell was a reporter for nearly twenty years. Although thoroughly newspaper-struck, he observed the first law of the craft by trying incessantly to escape to some other occupation. In later years he quit his job on the Los Angeles *Examiner* six times and bounced back to it five times. He was fourteen when he first became a fugitive from journalism. Answering an ad of the Carl Bedenbender stock company for a leading man, he was hired by return mail. Having been in high-school theatricals, he had given himself a writeup that had swept Bedenbender off his feet. The showman was a little taken aback when a pasty-faced, pimply child arrived a few days later at the small Texas town where the company was playing. Because of the dearth of talent, there was nothing for it but to cast Birdwell in the lead of "Brewster's Millions." Since his voice was breaking, he was next assigned to the part of Old Man Skinner in "Tess of the Storm Country." In an interview a quarter of a century later, he said that he had never known the meaning of the word "insincerity" at any time in his life except when he played the venerable Skinner.

The company broke up after less than a year and Birdwell went back to Dallas. He got a reporting job from 3 to 6 P.M. and then dispensed sodas until nearly midnight. Earlier in the day he went to high school. He spent most of his two salaries on four-alarm suits and first-gentleman-of-Europe haberdashery, and never took a girl to a country-club dance except in the finest equipage in the livery stable. The soda fountain was a social and cultural centre, and he was as happy as Beau Nash was in presiding over the Pump Room of Bath. He was almost in the infant-prodigy class as a ladies' man. Overwork gave

A good night kiss

That famous flavor found only in Schlitz provides the perfect end to any day. Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, Schlitz is as loved for its freedom from bitterness as it is distinguished for its true beer character.

Copr. 1944, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

..none of the bitterness

Schlitz

Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

him dark circles under the eyes, and this in turn gave him a half-slain look which flattered his girl friends. He got into the black art of high-school politics. In a popularity contest he backed a girl named Mae Fears against her sister, the later famous Peggy Fears. Peggy won the votes, but Mae won the count. Birdwell had no more compunction then about stuffing a ballot box than he would have today about thimble-rigging a national contest for the most bewitching collarbone or the wittiest Achilles' tendon of 1944.

Anything as exhibitionistic as an oratorical contest played into his hands. Birdwell out-thundered the school, then the county, then all Texas. Inevitably, his choice as the subject for his final prize-winning oration was Napoleon, of whom he affected to disapprove. A veteran reporter by the time he graduated from high school, he received two or three good offers of newspaper jobs. But he decided to go to the University of Texas, in Austin.

—Alva Johnston

(*This is the second of four articles on Mr. Birdwell.*)

•

AUGUST NIGHT

Locusts turn country dark
Into machinery.
Blades of grass grind hoarsely together,
Undersides of leaves
Buzz grittily as lagging wheels,
And the bark of trees,
Gray-creviced and kind,
Works its saw teeth.

In the black heat,
Over the far fields,
Beyond the woods,
The wide summer night
Is dragging slowly uphill
In first speed.

—Hortense Flexner

•

Detective Lieutenant Russell Hawes of the Alexandria Police Department said that the girl told him she left Alexandria on her own volition as a carnival entertainer with the World of Mirth Show. She said that later she left the show to join another carnival troupe and it was then that she met Accardi and Dalesandro, police said.

The barnacle is a sea animal, smaller than a man's thumb.

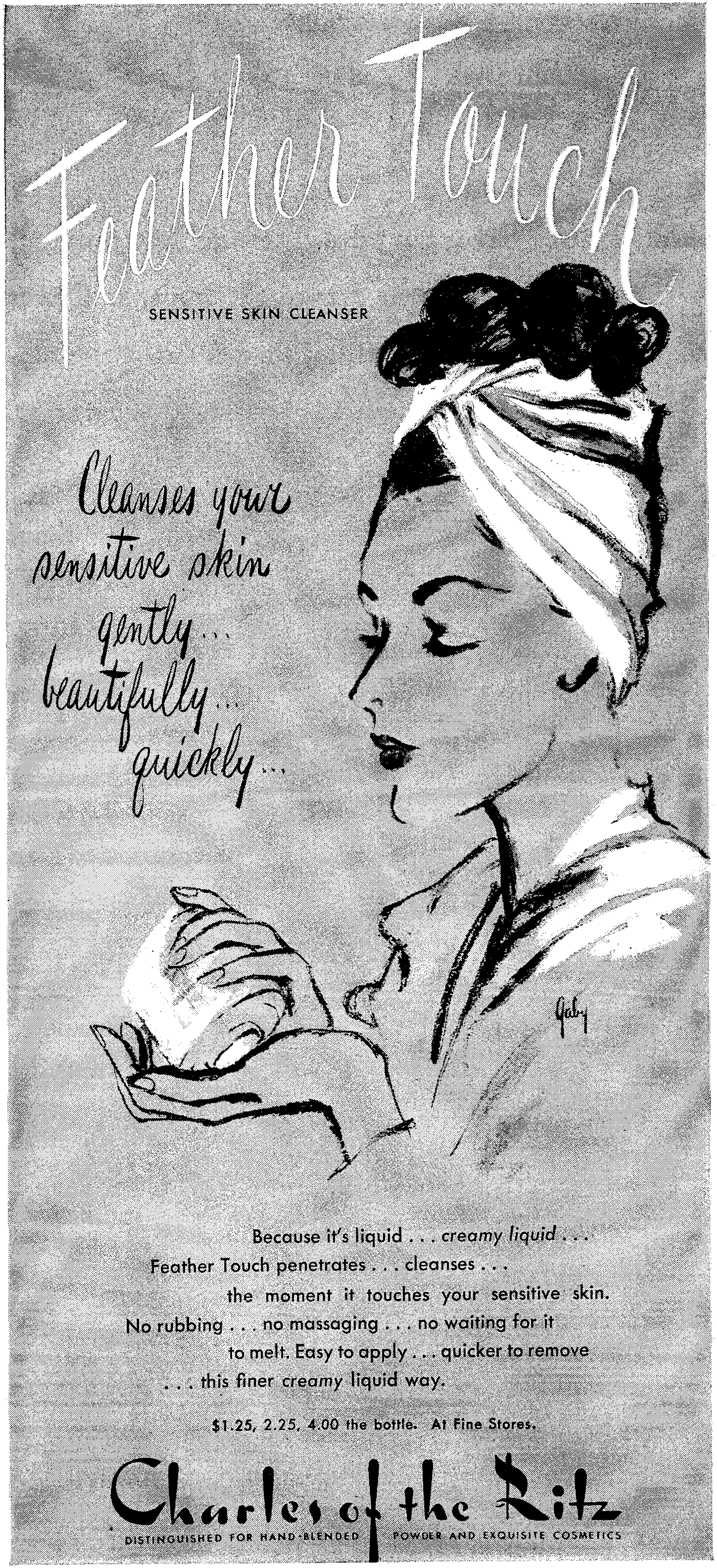
Most species of the barnacle are male and female combined.

At one time Turin was the capital of Italy.

The barnacle has no heart.

—*Washington Post.*

Italy has plenty of gall.



Feather Touch
SENSITIVE SKIN CLEANSER
Cleanses your sensitive skin gently... beautifully... quickly...
Gaby
Because it's liquid . . . *creamy liquid* . . .
Feather Touch penetrates . . . cleanses . . .
the moment it touches your sensitive skin.
No rubbing . . . no massaging . . . no waiting for it
to melt. Easy to apply . . . quicker to remove
. . . this finer *creamy* liquid way.

$1.25, 2.25, 4.00 the bottle. At Fine Stores.

Charles of the Ritz
DISTINGUISHED FOR HAND-BLENDED POWDER AND EXQUISITE COSMETICS

OF ALL THINGS

A Nazi spokesman says that the elastic-defense tactics long used on the Russian front are now being employed in France. The latest reports suggest that this strategy may be every bit as successful in the West as it was in the East.

•

The Pétain government is reported to have left for parts unknown. When the Allied Armies reach Vichy, they may get nothing for their pains but a drink of that superb water.

•

English sentiment for a lenient peace has practically disappeared since the robot bombs began to fall. Harried though they are these days, the Germans seem able to misjudge the British as shrewdly as ever.

•

Bulgaria is apparently making frantic efforts to get out of the war. It must have finally dawned upon that country that it hitched its wagon to a falling star.

•

The current *Fortune* poll gives Roosevelt a comfortable lead, but Gallup's survey indicates that Dewey has a pretty good chance too. If this stalemate continues, we may have to go ahead, as usual, and hold the election.

•

"Cotton Ed" Smith and Bennett C. Clark will not be among those present when the Senate gets around to writing peace treaties. They will have retired to the isolation they so earnestly recommended to the rest of the country.

•

Roosevelt's inspection trip to Hawaii and the Aleutians is described by Governor Dewey as a "holiday." In the bright new lexicon of the G.O.P., there is no such word as Commander-in-Chief.

•

Mayor LaGuardia has urged people not to visit New York until the war is over. He has the full coöperation of our local baseball teams, which seem to be doing everything in their power to keep the city free of strangers in October. —Howard Brubaker

CALIFORNIA

PICTURE OF A MAJOR MARKET

...which is still growing!

● Population, income, retail sales, and other figures paint an impressive picture of the California of 1944. More important to business and banking executives everywhere is the fact that this market in the post-war period holds promise of continuing development.

If the possibilities of this market are a serious consideration to you, follow the lead of business, industrial, and banking executives everywhere. Direct your inquiries to this bank which serves California through branches in more than 300 cities and towns—a statewide service which offers many unique advantages. Simply write the Business Development Department.

CAPITAL FUNDS .	$ 171,776,392.04
DEPOSITS . . .	3,767,443,322.19
RESOURCES . .	3,975,493,006.15

(As of June 30, 1944)

California's statewide bank

Bank of America
NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation
Member Federal Reserve System

Main offices in two reserve cities of California...San Francisco - Los Angeles

MICHAEL TODD PRODUCTIONS
MAE WEST in Catherine was Great
Directed by ROY HARGRAVE
SHUBERT THEATRE, Air-Conditioned
West 44th Street. Matinees Thurs. & Saturday

BOBBY CLARK in Mexican Hayride
GEORGE GIVOT WILBUR EVANS PAUL HAAKON
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
SONGS BY COLE PORTER
WINTER GARDEN, Air-Conditioned
B'way & 50th Street. Matinees Wed. & Sat.

"AN IRRESISTIBLE DELIGHT!" —BARNES, Herald Trib.
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr. presents
Margaret Elliott SULLAVAN & NUGENT
in JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S Comedy
the Voice of the Turtle
with AUDREY CHRISTIE
MOROSCO, 45th St. W. of B'way.
Evenings 8:35 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:35

"Hilarious, Irresistible." —GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY
with SIDNEY BLACKMER - LOIS WILSON
AIR CONDITIONED—PLYMOUTH Thea. W. 45th St.
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday 2:40

"BERGNER is MAGNIFICENT" Life Magazine
Robert REUD & Paul CZINNER present
ELISABETH BERGNER
in The TWO MRS. CARROLLS
By Martin Vale
with ONSLOW STEVENS
AIR-COOLED
BOOTH Thea., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat.

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S New Play
CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER * DENNIS KING * DUDLEY DIGGES
in The Searching Wind
with BARBARA O'NEIL
FULTON W. 46 St. Eves 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40. Air Cond

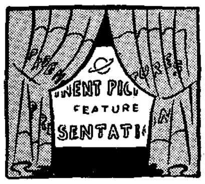
GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST COMEDY HIT — 2nd YEAR
KISS and TELL
By F. HUGH HERBERT
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS • Royal BEAL
BILTMORE THEA., W. 47 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Additional Amusement Advertising on page 40

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Evasion Via Bagdad

THERE'S something about the movies' occasional offers of means of "escape" which implies that the film-going public is a gang of potential jail-breakers who would be over the wall and across the state line in a flash if they thought they could get away with it. In case you don't really want to escape, and are satisfied to pick jute and sweat out your parole like a wholesome, self-respecting con, you have every right to resent the suggestion, but I can't see that it does any harm to look such propositions over academically, for their educational value.



Hollywood has just smuggled in a new pie with file and rope ladder inside. It takes the form of a picture called "Kismet," with Ronald Colman and Marlene Dietrich. Whereas the Duc de Beaufort, in 1648, had collected forty distinct methods of escaping from the castle of Vincennes, the movies are repeating themselves already. This is at least the second recent film, to my knowledge, which relies on huge consignments of Oriental dry goods photographed in Technicolor. There was one named "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," with Maria Montez, Jon Hall, and Sabu, which rounded up all the silk, satin, and taffeta in greater Los Angeles and threw in a swimming pool in a harem for good measure. "Kismet" seems to have laid hold of the same goods, plus several fresh bolts from out of town, and a harem swimming pool of its own—indoors, this time, instead of outdoors, which looks equally sanitary and twice as exotic. It is also a better picture. Without for an instant challenging the memory of "The Thief of Bagdad," "Kismet" is more good-humored and lighter of foot than the run of costume pieces.

None of the leading performers is precisely working himself to death in the interest of this particular evasion of reality, and the effect of emotional absenteeism by Mr. Colman and Miss Dietrich is more helpful to the entertainment than any amount of sober, strenuous effort could be in the circumstances. Apart from one interesting dance in the court of the Grand Vizier of Bagdad, to whom she is attached in a remote and slightly confusing way, Miss Dietrich does not even take a deep breath, which speaks well for the sense of proportion of one who has just been touring the Mediterranean war theatre by jeep and plane with a musical saw. In "Kismet," the lady's blue eyes and beguiling red mouth and other notable assets are handsomely mounted: in the dry goods I mentioned before, and also, when she dances, in merchandise from the hardware store to the extent of about half a pail of gilt paint. She looks good and takes it easy. Mr. Colman, though busier, is scarcely more serious. He agitates his full share of rich Persian costume, does sleight-of-hand tricks with handkerchiefs and knives, smiles mockingly but gaily, and, in short, gives you practically everything in the second drawer of his repertory. I gather from a quick poll of two of his followers, who suspended the powdering of their noses to weigh the question, that this will content them. Edward Arnold, as the Vizier, is just as blithe in his villainy as the others are in their pulchritude, until Mr. Colman stabs him to death in the indoor swimming hole. Mr. Arnold drops his smile at this point, which is as subtle a nuance of the actor's art as you will find in "Kismet." Joy Ann Page, playing Mr. Colman's daughter, is fresh, nice to look at, and in good voice. The picture is based on a play by Edward Knoblock which opened on Broadway with Otis Skinner in 1911, but I don't see how those facts can have any bearing on the matter in hand.

"IN SOCIETY," with Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, has a plot reminiscent of the plot of "Animal Crackers." Abbott and Costello are not reminiscent of the Marx Brothers or anyone else but themselves. My advice is, see them if you like them, don't if you don't, and if you have no knowledge of them, preserve the status quo. This counsel applies in spades to Henny Youngman in "A Wave, a Wac, and a Marine."

—JOHN LARDNER

•

LEATHER WALLETS
69c & 94c

★ Gently rubs away hair from your arms and legs.
★ Black, brown, tan. Some with removable pass case.
★ Extra pockets for pictures and passes.

—*Macy's throwaway.*

Have they any other tricks? Or is that for us to find out?

BUY WAR BONDS! . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

"It's more than a car—it's *my job*"

PASSENGER: "Seems natural to be riding in a Plymouth. Got one myself back home and I'm counting on it to outlast the war. It's a great car."

TAXI DRIVER: "I'll say—and it's more than a great car to me. It's *my job!* Maybe you've noticed how many Plymouth cabs there are in every city. Taxicabs really have to take it — and Plymouths are built to *stand up.*"

Back of Plymouth's rugged endurance is Plymouth engineering and manufacturing of a *quality* car. Today, Plymouth *quality* is going into Corsair landing gears, parts for Hell-diver wings, General Sherman tanks, Bofors guns, many other weapons. But handy to you is the expert Plymouth service the best car needs to keep it running for the duration.

PLYMOUTH Division of Chrysler Corporation.

You'll enjoy Major Bowes Thursdays, CBS, 9 P. M., E.W.T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE TALK IN CINNAMON GROVE

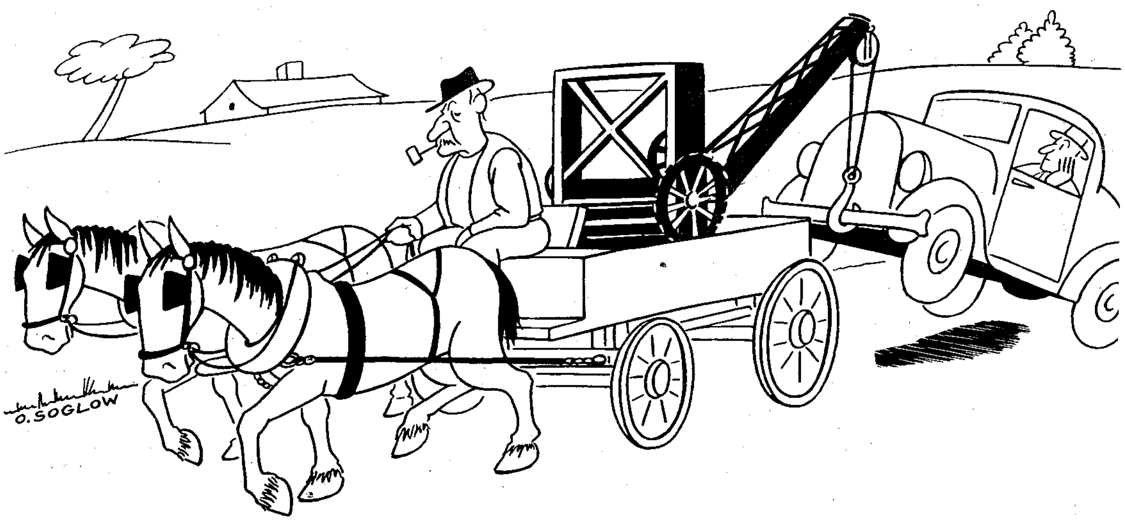
AFTER a siege of six weeks, the Japanese have captured the strongly defended and important rail centre of Hengyang, in Hunan Province, and now, if they can beat off the current attempt of the Chinese to recapture the place, they will move on toward the city of Kweilin, a hundred and seventy miles to the southwest, in Kwangsi Province. Shortly before the siege began, when the Japanese were more than two hundred miles away and the inhabitants of the city still felt themselves very safe, I visited Kweilin, making the trip from Hunan by train. This was more of a feat than it may appear to be. Only twelve hundred of China's twelve thousand miles of railroad are under Chinese control, and they are spread in such a haphazard fashion across Free China that they are not of much use. Both ends of the strenuously fought-over Hankow-Canton railroad, for instance, were destroyed years ago by the Chinese, who ripped up several hundreds of miles of track to keep the enemy from using the line to push farther inland from those two cities. Its terminals have since been determined not by the demands of commerce but by the exigencies of war. The assumption has been that, if Hengyang fell, the Japanese would easily take the rest of that railroad. They may also take the dangling bit of railroad which runs down to Kweilin from Hengyang and over which I recently made my journey. There was nothing in China that could quite match that trip, which I made on the famed and fashionable Blue Express, the one luxury train then left in the country. The Chinese, by fast thinking, had managed to keep it from falling into Japanese hands, and it was elegantly making the run from Hunan to Kweilin twice a week. My compartment—the first that I had seen on a train anywhere in China—had two large windows, a wide and comfortable berth, a reading lamp, an electric fan, an upholstered chair, and a washroom with a clean basin and a large mirror. How, I asked myself, did this efficient, nickel-plated, shiny product of the machine age fit into war-torn, impoverished, primitive, filthy China? The answer was simple; it didn't.

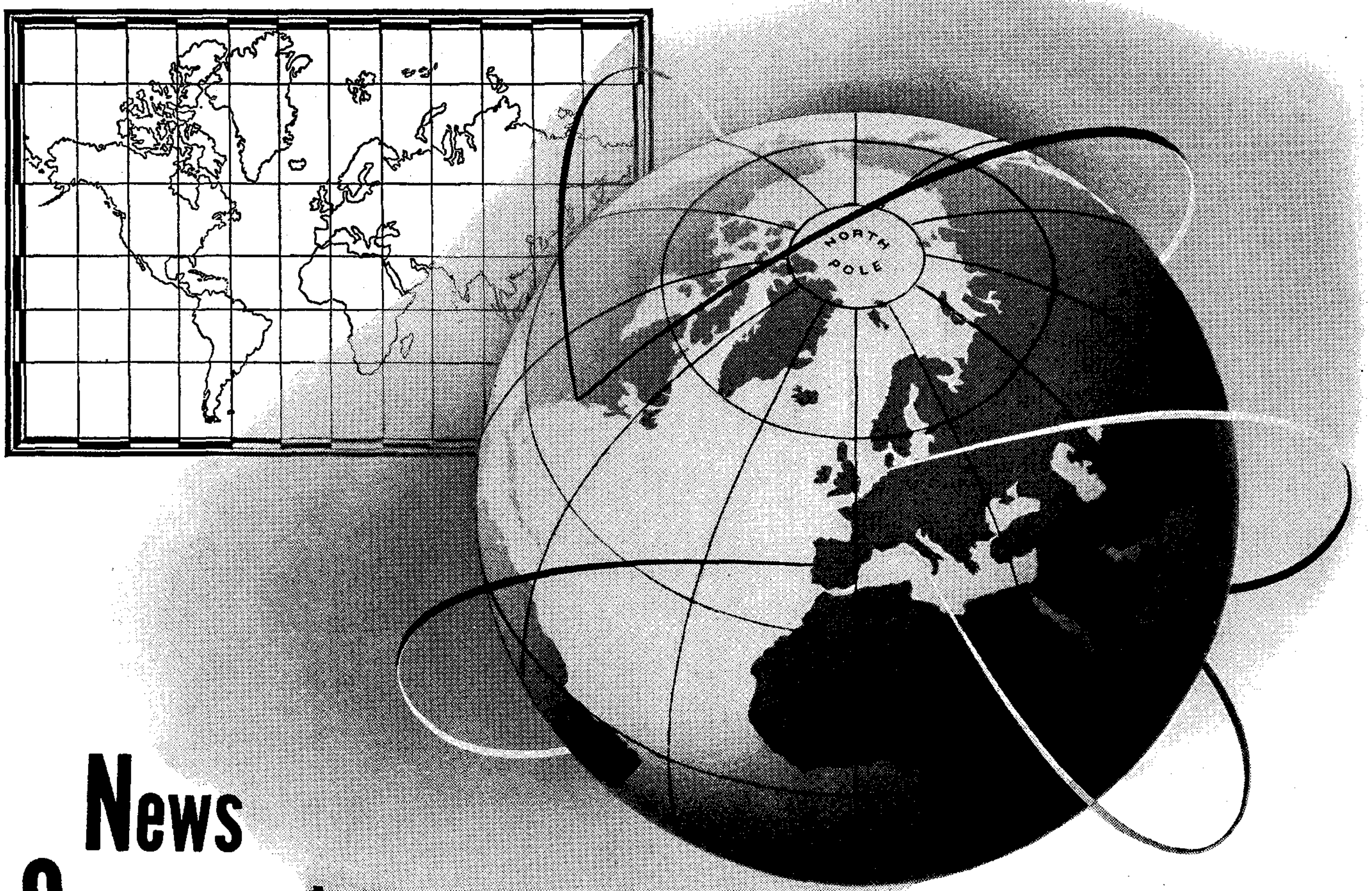
When I got off the train in Kweilin, I was offered further proof that this was no ordinary railroad. Some policemen were arresting a shabby-looking man with a large basket full of bamboo flutes, whom I naturally took to be a peddler. I soon learned, though, that he was an employee of the railroad and therefore, by law, could not engage in trade. He was quite calm about being arrested; even when his basket of flutes was borne away, he did not lose his air of aloof serenity. I took a rickshaw to the New Grand Hotel, the best in town, and was given a room facing the lake, about whose waters much of Kweilin is built. My room was large and cheerful, with whitewashed walls and adequate furnishings. It lacked, not surprisingly, running water, soap, and towels. It also lacked bugs, or so the roly-poly Cantonese who managed the hotel told me. As soon as I was unpacked, I went out to have a look at the city.

KWEILIN, an obscure, fifth-rate town before the war, in one of the most undeveloped regions of China, has become one of the three or four principal cities of the unoccupied zone. It is, in some respects, the most important of them all—the intellectual centre of Free China. The city is built on level ground, completely surrounded by a tight stockade of huge, conical, jagged limestone formations. The climate is fine, with plenty of sun, and there is a whiff of the Boulevard St. Michel (or so I thought) in its air. Kweilin means "Cinnamon Grove," and there are some venerable cinnamon trees in the gardens of the older houses. Most of the trees in Kweilin, however, are eucalyptuses; the important thoroughfares are lined with them. Before the war, the population of Cinnamon Grove was eighty thousand; when I was there, it was four hundred thousand. Kweilin owes its new eminence largely to the great number of refugees who have contributed to this rise in population. Many of them came from the coast, especially from Hong Kong. When the fall of Hengyang, as well as Changsha, first looked likely, refugees from these two cities poured into Kweilin and the population took another great jump. Then, when Kweilin itself seemed threatened, a large number of these transients poured out again. Now, one hears, the city has once more settled down, reasonably well adjusted to the idea of having the Japanese on its doorstep, and is even confident that they won't get through the door.

Kweilin, I found, has the atmosphere of a treaty port. I saw more English signs than I had seen anywhere else in Free China. As I walked down the main street, I wondered why Kweilin's Chinese shopkeepers had clung so tenaciously to the treaty-port custom of advertising their wares in a foreign language, especially since there were so few foreigners to read them. "World Dispensary," said one sign; "Asia Drug Co., Ltd.," said another. Further down the street I saw more signs: "The Modern Art Studio," "Kwansa Barbershop," "Victory Café," "Carlton Café," "Lido," "Green House Restaurant," "Commission Agent for All Merchandise," and "The Violet Dressing Saloon." Both sides of the street were lined with modern buildings and the shop windows were well stocked with luxuries of a vanished but plainly not forgotten world—watches, perfumes, lipsticks, leather shoes, silk dresses.

Some of the refugees in Kweilin were living the comfortable lives they had enjoyed in Hong Kong, eating and drinking well, building up the fortunes





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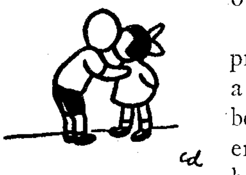
they brought with them by playing the market in salt, drugs, cotton, and gasoline. With the playboys, naturally enough, came the playgirls. They walk down Kweilin's main street in handsome gowns and fur coats, their hair done in bangs, wearing silk stockings and expensive slippers. There was a good deal of drinking and dancing at the parties the refugees gave; the New Life Movement, which flourishes in Chungking, the capital of Free China, and is distinguished by its austerity, had not penetrated into this provincial town.

Most of the people who had chosen Kweilin as their wartime home were nevertheless of a more serious disposition, and it was the intellectuals who gave the place its tone. The cost of living in Kweilin, despite the inflation, was not nearly so high as it was in Chungking, and the political weather was considerably milder. "Chungking is practically a concentration camp," a young English-speaking Chinese playwright said to me. "You register with the police when you arrive there and you register again when you leave, if they let you leave. Here in Kweilin it's different. This is a free city."

One indication of the intellectual activity of Kweilin was that more than eighty magazines were published there. Some of the larger coastal publishing houses had reëstablished themselves in Kweilin and new books were coming out at the rate of two a day. The quiet side streets of the city were full of large, attractive book stores. A dozen young Chinese with horn-rimmed spectacles and bad teeth were always in them, browsing through the new books and magazines. On the shelves of one of these stores, alongside the mass of Chinese publications, I found cheap paper-bound translations of Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People," Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath," several modern Russian novels, and a fair supply of Karl Marx and Maxim Gorki. Some of the stores displayed busts and pictures of Marx and Lenin; I saw none of Stalin.



ONE reason I went to Kweilin was that my old friend Freddie Leong lived there. I had known Freddie when he was studying economics at Columbia, and I had not seen him since the spring of 1937, when he went back home to Hong Kong. He got there just in time for the war with Japan. I had heard that he was now in Kweilin. I had a hard time finding him. When I did, he told me of the hardships that he and his family had undergone the past seven years. They had lost all their property in Hong Kong, most importantly a well-known antique shop, and, nearly destitute, had returned to their ancestral village in Kwangtung Province. After a year and a half there, Freddie, his two sisters, and his mother moved to Kweilin. The father remained behind; he said that he enjoyed sitting under the village tree with the neighbors and doing an occasional bit of work in the rice paddies too much to go away. When Freddie and his family reached Kweilin, Freddie got a job as an accountant with a trading company.

I soon began to suspect, from what I picked up here and there, that "trading" meant smuggling wrist watches from Occupied China into Free China, but I asked no questions. Freddie was earning a modest income, and he and his mother and sisters were living in a mud hut outside the city in a refugee settlement. The ex-manager of a large Hong Kong bank lived next door and the two families hung their washing on the same line. I went out there to see Freddie once. The settlement was primitive, but no one seemed particularly to mind.

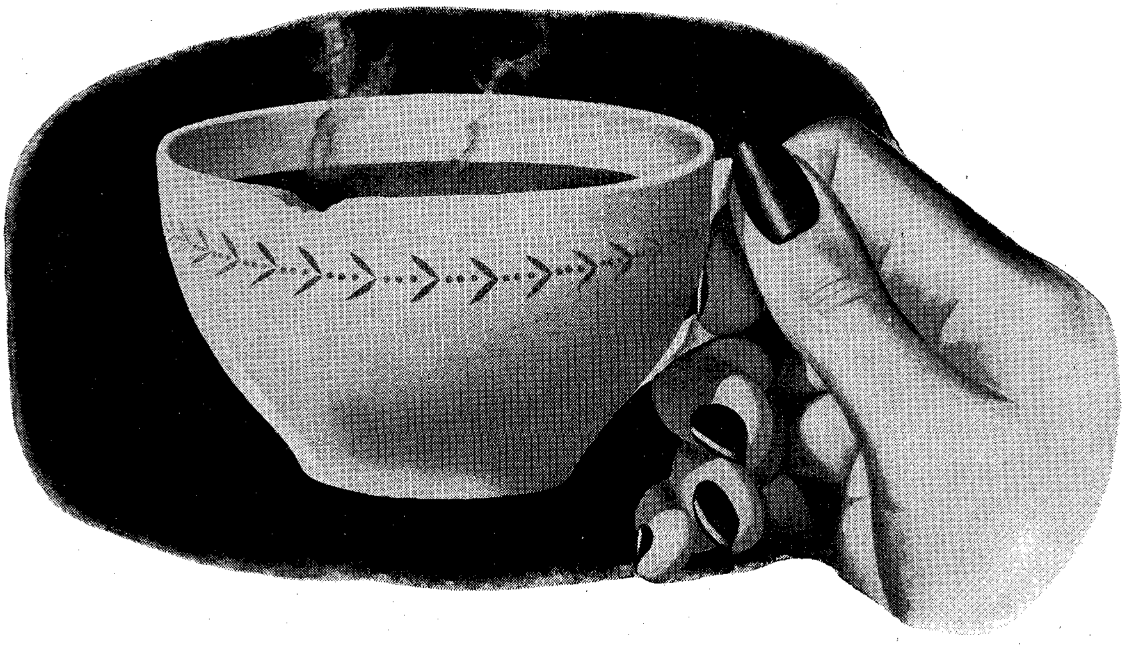
FREDDIE, who had plenty of time on his hands, took me around town to meet some of the people he had known in Hong Kong. One day we went to a large and gloomy downtown hotel where, in a poorly furnished room, we found about a dozen young intellectuals, smoking and talking over cups of green tea. Freddie introduced me, but after looking me over, they went back to their conversation. They spoke sometimes in English and sometimes in Chinese; I knew enough of the language to make out what they were saying.

"Things have come to a pretty pass," said one of them, a lean fellow with a young beard. "What does the government do? Nothing. They have run out of brains long ago and substituted politics for ideas. Politics is in everything, right down to this humble cup of tea!"

"I wonder whether the Generalissimo knows what is going on," another said. "If you could shoot two hundred and fifty people in Chungking, things would improve at once. Everything's gray and foggy with politics and corruption."

"Absolutely right," a third man said. "The people and those who rule them are too far apart."

I listened for half an hour and heard



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only criticism of the Chungking administration. There was plenty of energetic talk about Democracy and Representative Government and Give the Opposition a Chance, but I had a feeling that if these critics were given a chance to run their country, they would have been thoroughly embarrassed. They seemed to have no program. They were for winning the war and full of admiration for Generalissimo Chiang as a person, but that was all.

"Who are these people?" I asked Freddie afterward. "What do they do for a living?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing in particular," said Freddie. "Most of them are former students who had a little money when they arrived here. They were sort of disappointed when they reached Kweilin. It had none of the comforts of home. No plumbing, no whiskey, no nothing. So they just buried their heads in the sand and shut themselves up in hotel rooms like that. They sit and talk all the time."

"What happens when they run out of cash?"

"They never seem to. They have their fingers in a few pies and there are more ways than one to make money in this town. When they're really hard up, they write some articles for the magazines, but of course that doesn't net them very much."

I said it seemed a pity to think of those young men being wrapped up in their negative, unconstructive criticism. "They're like a bunch of spinsters in a sewing circle," I remarked. "The pointlessness of the thing depresses me."

Freddie shrugged. "At least, they do no harm," he said. "Their politics begin and end in that hotel room or at one of the cafés. Let's go and see how the other half lives around here. I want to introduce you to the son of one of our patent-medicine millionaires. His name is Ching, but we call him the Golden Boy."

WE found the Golden Boy in the spacious, comfortably furnished living room of his new villa, in one of the new suburbs. A very pretty girl, dressed in a tight green silk dress slit rather far above one knee, was sitting with him on a sofa when we arrived, but she immediately went away. Freddie introduced me to our host. "This is Mr. Ching," he said, "the son of the Dragon Pill king." Ching was a fat little young man of swarthy complexion, with small hands and feet, and he spoke colloquial English. He smiled sheepishly at me and asked us to sit down. His father, I knew, had made millions with his patent medicine in the Netherlands Indies. He himself, it was easy to see, was doing all right; he had certainly managed to bring at least a part of the family fortune with him into Free China.

"How about some hot chocolate," he said, "and some American cheese? I'll bet you haven't tasted any of that for a long time." He rose and, with a bouncing gait, walked to a corner of the room. There, white and cool and gleaming, stood a miracle—a large American electric refrigerator. "It's the only one in Kwangsi Province," the Golden Boy said. "I had it carried in from Hong Kong—by river junk, mostly. It took a lot of money and a lot of coolies to move the thing, but here it is. It's a wonder, too. Don't you think so?" It was no trouble at all to agree with him. We lunched on American cheese, graham crackers, and hot chocolate. Viennese waltzes came over a short-wave radio from Indo-China, and a female voice announced the program in French. A soft wind blew through the open windows. "You see all those houses?" said the Golden Boy, pointing to a cluster of small dwellings. "I built them."

We looked out the windows at the houses, whose roofs shone in the sun. "I have my own baseball team," the Golden Boy went on. "The boys on my team had to have roofs over their heads and so I built the houses for them. Baseball, you know, is becoming a most popular Chinese sport. Some day, perhaps, I'll take my team to America to play the Yankees. I built the playground you see out there, too."

After we had talked for twenty minutes, mostly about baseball, a subject on which Freddie seemed particularly well informed, the pretty young lady returned. We rose to leave. "Whenever you feel like borrowing my Lincoln," said the Golden Boy, "go right ahead, and don't be bashful. I've got eleven drums of petrol over there in a dugout I had built. Just help yourself."

KWEILIN, besides being full of refugees, was also full of secret agents, spies, and suspicious persons of all descriptions. For that matter, a refugee from Hong Kong was viewed with a certain amount of doubt, especially if he had worked there for a Japanese business firm. As often as not, when you were introduced to anyone, the introduction was accompanied by a nudge in the ribs and an admonishment to "Watch your step."

The natives have taken the invasion calmly, and they treat the newcomers with a mixture of disdain and smiling tolerance. They are an independent people and they live in the most independent part of China. They have always been proud of being "Southerners," jealous of their rights, and determined to run their own province with as little interference from the National Government of Generalissimo Chiang as possible. Kwangsi Province is, of course, part of the Chinese Republic, but a good Kwangsi man will talk incessantly about the "outstanding differences between our home rule and the methods of the Chungking government."

The Kwangsi political viewpoint was summed up for me by a Mr. Fong, to whom Freddie introduced me. He had been editing a Kweilin newspaper for twenty years. Freddie and I dropped in on him one afternoon. He was behind a large, cluttered-up desk in a dingy room that could have been the editorial office of a small-town newspaper almost anywhere in the world. He had a huge, bald head and wore a dark-gray Chinese silk gown. A pair of glasses with thick lenses was balanced on the end of his nose. He took off his glasses as we entered, rose from his chair, and offered us a smoke, taking two cigarettes out of a package and holding them out to us in his right hand. It didn't take him long to get to the subject uppermost in his mind. "You see," he said in excellent English, "we used to have our own Kwangsi armies, but no sooner had the National Government got hold of us politically than it ordered them out of the province. Kwangsi boys are now fighting throughout China. Their units are scattered all along the front, and we can no longer back up our—uh—political aspirations with military force. We bow to necessity, of course, but it seems to many of us that the government could have left some of our troops down here instead of sending outside units to garrison this province. Our boys have been in some tough fights; half a million of them have perished already in this war. Furthermore, conscription still goes on. Look at our villages and see how deserted they are; see how the women and children have to do the work of men!"

He peered at me with earnest, intent eyes. "Take a look at the economic side of the picture," he said. "The government has throttled the commercial life of the province, sir, and there is nothing we can do about it. We've got some

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good tin and tungsten deposits down here, and we could market our metal if the government would only allow us a better price. As it is, the metal price is fixed in Chungking—so low that mining down here is no longer profitable. We have forty-seven tin mines in Kwangsi Province, but how many do you think are working today? Seven. Only seven! There is plenty of resentment all over the south. If it weren't for the fact that we are wholeheartedly behind Chiang Kai-shek's policy of national resistance, that resentment would make itself felt."

The tone of Mr. Fong's voice, as he spoke the last sentence, indicated that the interview was over. We shook hands and he showed us to the door. "The Central Government is building up too much power," he said as we parted. "Much too much."

"You see how it is?" Freddie said, as we began a leisurely stroll along the lake. "It's the way most people feel around here."

Freddie waved to a youngish fellow on a bicycle and he got off and came over to us. I didn't catch his name. In a minute or so, as we all walked along the lake shore, we got into another serious discussion. The youngish fellow said he hadn't been in Kweilin very long and that the city still fascinated him. Before the war, he told us, Cinnamon Grove had done a modest business in timber and bamboo, and its industrious inhabitants had been celebrated for the things they made out of bamboo. Nowadays, new factories in and around the city were turning out hardware, electrical supplies, and a good many other metal products. "There is plenty of money and plenty of enterprise," he said. "Really, you can see with your own eyes how a backward place like this is gradually taking on a semi-industrial character." He sounded apologetic when he added, "Of course, the social problems created by the change are enormous." Then he climbed on his bicycle and went off around the lake.

"Who was *that?*" I asked Freddie. "He sounds like a student of sociology or something."

"He's the Mayor of Kweilin," Freddie said. "Strictly party line, but a nice fellow. Really quite bright. Let's go to the Lido for some almond chicken."

—ERNEST O. HAUSER

•

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OUT of his cottage and into the sunshine Morrison bore himself tenderly, as if he were an egg. Convalescence had set in. The last, gentle, almost-to-be-cherished moments of a diminishing hangover were melting into warmth. He sucked in his stomach, wiggled his bare toes on the exquisitely hot cement walk, and set off toward the lake.

It was the most Sunday hour of Sunday. People all over the little resort town had just finished washing the luncheon dishes. Children were having their naps, thank the Lord. Down the walk before him moved the only other human being on its feet besides himself, it seemed—Mattie Travers, a redheaded thirteen-year-old, shaking her head and waggling her skinny little bottom. And talking to herself, he found as he ambled closer.

"Oh, now really, Mr. Bogart," he heard her say. "Well, Humphrey, then, if you insist."

"Hello, brat," he said.

Her sassy, pointed little face turned red, but she tossed her head as if she were eighteen. "Good afternoon, Mr. Morrison," she said demurely. She walked along beside him, swinging her little-boy's hips—her mother, Flo Travers, all over.

"Old man Morrison to you, kid," he said amiably.

She looked at him. "You were at the beach party last night," she said. "My daddy is still in bed."

"I'm not surprised," he said. "How's your mother?"

"She's lying in the swing, and she keeps saying somebody slipped her a Mickey Finn." She gave him the full benefit of Flo Travers' best blank stare. "What I don't see is how you keep it up."

"Keep what up?"

"Why, the pace," she answered, with a mature shrug of her shoulders.

A dim wave of headache returned and throbbed not unpleasantly behind Morrison's temples. He passed his hand across his eyes and said, "The rewards of being good while young."

"Oh!" cried Mattie in mock exasperation, and cast him a long, sidewise glare.

They walked in silence down the hill past the deserted tennis courts. No one was in sight. The place was in the tense hush that falls when people are sleeping in the afternoon.

"*Everybody* has a hangover," Mattie said loudly.

All at once Morrison felt annoyed with her. "Have you ever had one?" he asked sharply.

"*Really*, Mr. Morrison!" she said, and switched her little tail again, unfazed. "*I* don't intend to drink until I'm *out!* Not in public, anyway."

"Mattie," he said weakly, "you slay me," and transformed the bath towel he was wearing as a scarf into a hood.

As they came out on the parking space by the beach, Mattie said, "Mr. Morrison, don't you get tired of being the peruvial bachelor?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"You know," Mattie said. "Never getting married, I mean."

"Oh," he said. He ran his tongue around the inside of his teeth. "No, I don't. I believe in my heart that someday some good woman will come riding by on a white horse and carry me off."

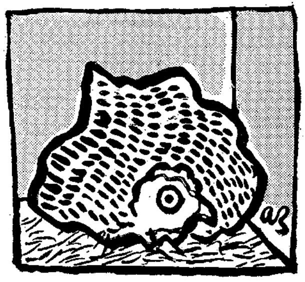
"Ho!" said Mattie doubtfully.

"You don't think so? Well, maybe not. Don't you tell anybody, and I'll just keep hoping."

They walked out on the weathered dock.

"There's a fish!" Mattie cried, in honest childish interest.

Looking down, he could see long strands of water weeds wavering upward with—yes, some sort of silverish fish slipping between. "By golly, there is!" he agreed. He sat down, and, removing a bottle of sun-tan oil from the waistband of his trunks, began rubbing it into the undersides of his knees.



"Oh," Mattie wailed, "aren't you going *in?*"

"Not for a long time," he said, yawning. "And don't come dripping ice water over me."

"Oh, you!" she said, as he let himself down on his stomach, pillowed his cheek on his towel, and pointedly closed his eyes. Immediately he was caught in a warm, red, glowing darkness and the exact degree of somnolence he had planned on. He heard Mattie leap on the diving board, and then a splash. He slipped into a pleasant doze, during which he dreamed that he was sitting in his office in a bathtub under a sun-ray lamp, dictating

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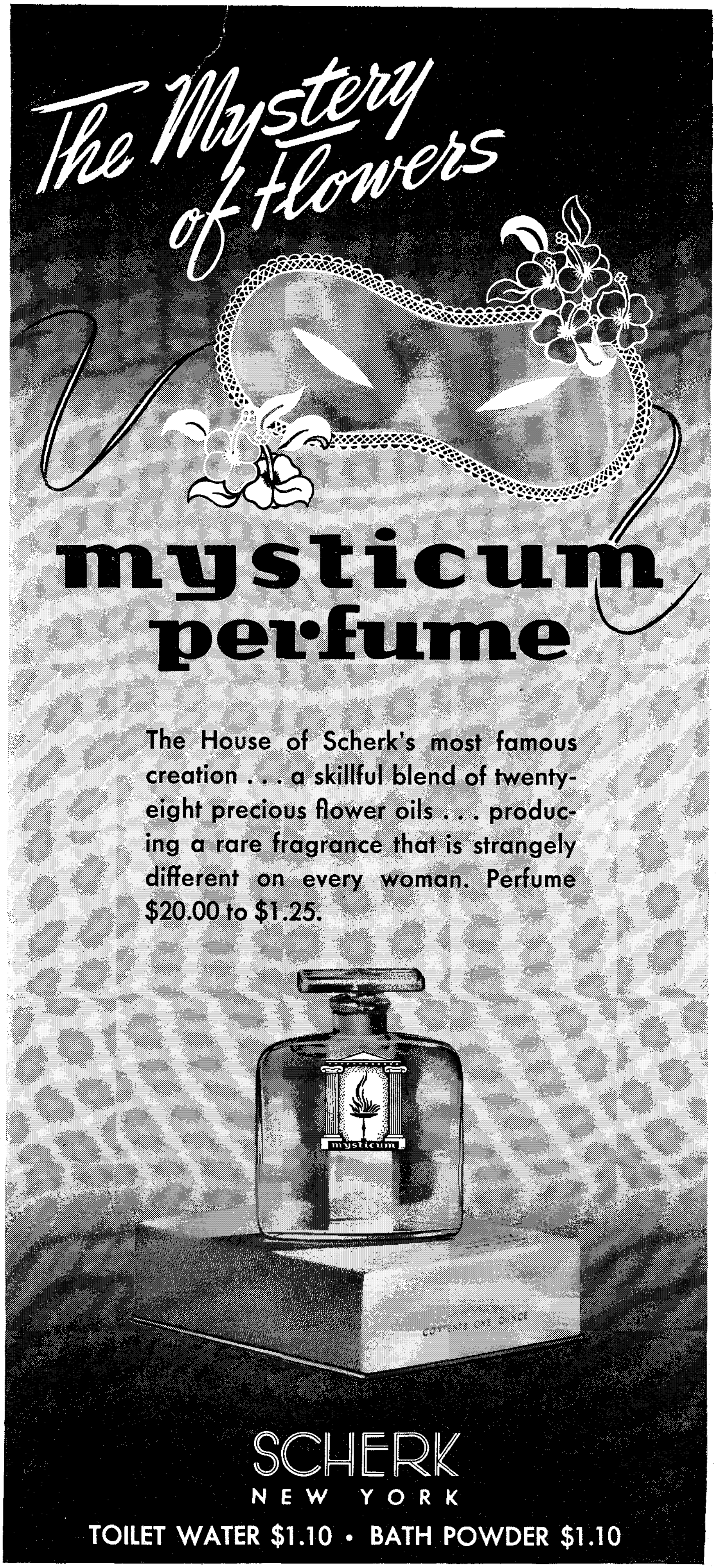

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specifications for a secret weapon to Mattie Travers.

MORRISON was wakened by the noise of dripping and a splash of water on his exposed ear. He opened his eyes and made out Mattie, semi-silhouetted against the bright sky. She crossed her legs and squatted beside him when she saw that he was looking at her.

"Mr. Morrison," she said, staring at him coolly, "you really are a rather attractive guy."

"And you, Mattie," he said, "are a very precocious brat."

"What I don't understand," she went on, "is why you don't get married or go in the Navy or something."

"Too old for both," he murmured.

"It isn't as if you were the wolf type," she said. "If you go on the way you're going, you're going to wind up being one of those friends of the family. Have you got an essential job or something that you keep on not getting drafted?"

"Sort of, and besides, I'm forty-two," he said wearily, not knowing why he was answering. He sat up, and as he did so, his head reminded him roughly that this was a day for gentle movements. He began applying the sun-tan oil to his pallid chest. Out of the corner of his eye he could see Mattie, leaning back on her hands, with her flat chest thrown out in the manner of a movie starlet.

"And really, Mr. Morrison," she said, "really, you're getting quite a paunch. It's a good thing you don't wear a uniform. Really, I can't imagine you kissing a girl, really."

He put the cap on the bottle and set it on the bleached boards of the dock. Then he took hold of Mattie Travers' skinny little shoulders and held her while he put his bitter-tasting mouth on hers, held her while she squirmed and twisted, held her while he took his mouth away and looked into her terrified, altogether infantile eyes. "Now," he said, "can't you?"

"Oh," she whimpered, and even in that moment put the back of her hand to her mouth in a cinematic gesture. "Really, Mr. Morrison!" Scrambling to her feet, she fled down the dock, her legs splaying out at the knees like a little frog's as she ran. —HELEN EUSTIS

•

HO HUM DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the Memphis Commercial Appeal*]

MARRIAGE BLAMED
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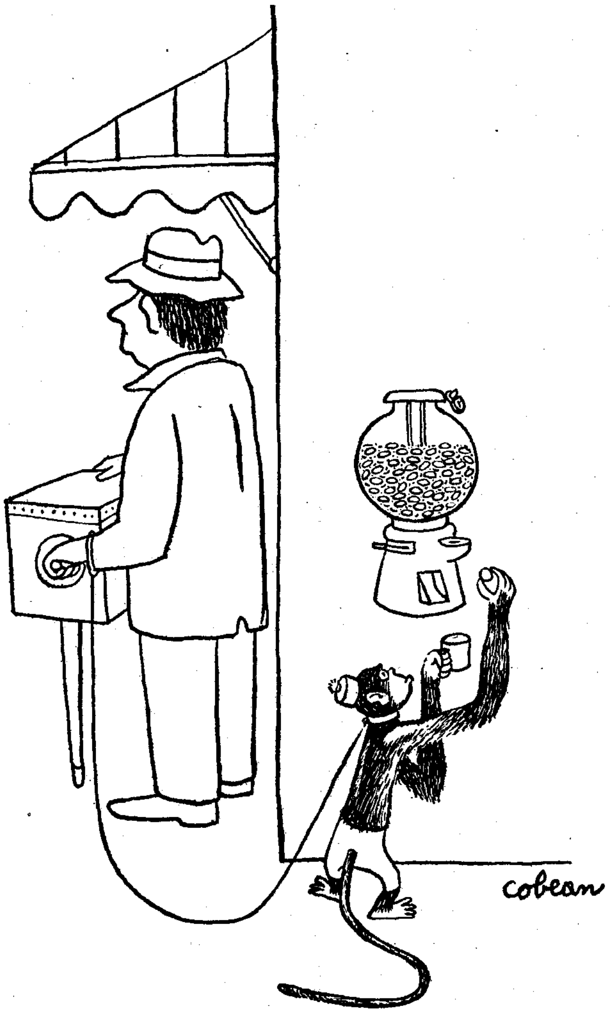
LETTER FROM FRANCE

AUGUST 10 (BY CABLE, DELAYED)

EVERYWHERE the Allied troops go in Brittany, the French wear smiles of pure contentment. They walk like happy lovers, smiling without shame and a little foolishly, knowing that the whole world understands. Even the Archbishop of Rennes noticed it on the first Sunday of liberation. "People had walked around every Sunday," he said to me when I talked with him, "but this Sunday everybody smiled. It is a commentary on the quality of a race when its mere absence can make other people so happy." The Archbishop, Monseigneur Roques, was a professor of German in a seminary before he was advanced to his prelacy, and he spent many of his student years in Germany, so he has some qualifications as a judge. "A race of men without individuality," he says. In the mind of a Frenchman, this is the ultimate condemnation. For four years the Archbishop, who is not a Breton but a Gascon, had the delicate task of dissuading his people from flying at the invaders with knives and stones, and being massacred for it, and at the same time of trying to temper the Gestapo's fury against Bretons whom it knew to be intransigent. His problem was complicated by the German-supported and German-financed Breton separatist movement. Leaders of the small but loud separatist sect, who had been forced into discreet obscurity when France went to war, came into the open when German troops occupied Brittany, and they denounced the Archbishop as a Frenchman who was antagonistic to a Nazi world order. Now, like many other varieties of quislings, they are discredited. Some Breton priests were active in the Maquis, who made attacks against isolated groups of Germans all through the four years of occupation. "It was better not to know of these matters—officially," the Archbishop says. Certain Nazi officials told him that Germany was not anti-Catholic, that there were Catholics in the Nazi Party. "But the Catholics had no influence on the Party, of course," he said. He sometimes found officers of the army of occupation amenable to reason, but officials of the Gestapo were almost impossible to deal with. Whenever priests were arrested because of articles they had written for diocesan publications, the Archbishop succeeded in getting them released only by assuming the entire responsibilty for their acts and by challenging the Germans to arrest him. They never did.

In milieus less exalted than the Archbishop's palace, I found similar sentiments. One evening, in a dark little café near the ancient house of Bertrand du Guesclin, I heard a sergeant in the resistance forces, which have now come out into the open under the name of the Forces Françaises de l'Intérieur, or F.F.I., telling how the Germans had "interrogated" his wife after he had gone off to join the Maquis. She had been seven months pregnant and they had beaten her until she had lost the child, but she had not told them anything. The sergeant, a lanky, good-natured man with a turned-up nose, didn't speak of this as if it were an exceptional event. Two middle-aged men at the next table told him that they had been imprisoned for six months for no stated reason. They presumed that an anonymous letter had denounced them as patriots. They had at last been released, still without being told why they had been arrested. They didn't seem excited; they were slightly apologetic about even mentioning it, like Londoners in a pub diffidently exchanging bomb stories. After they had finished their reminiscences, all three of them began to laugh. They slapped their knees, they bent double, they choked, they wiped their eyes, and finally one of them sputtered, "And to think, we are rid of the bastards for good!" Then they all had another glass of wine.



The proprietress, joining the group, said that the German military had imposed a curfew hour and that the German soldiers would come after hours and insist on being served. "They would break the lock on the door, throw chairs at the waitresses' legs, and threaten to have the place closed for good if we didn't violate their own rules," she said. One waitress at whose well-shaped legs some chairs had been thrown interrupted to say, "Once, when I said that the English who had been in Rennes in 1939 were not so bad, some German soldiers reported it and the place was closed for a month." A prostitute, sedately sipping an apéritif near the zinc bar, said, "Once I called a German soldier a Jew just to make him angry. He reported that I had called Hitler a Jew. The Gestapo arrested me, and I had thirty-three days in prison on bread and water. They were great talebearers." The day Rennes was liberated, crowds in the streets mobbed some women who had been mistresses of Germans, and shaved their heads, but full-time prostitutes were by common consent exempted from this treatment. "A prostitute is a prostitute and a German is a German, and each acts according to his nature," a resistance sergeant explained to me.

IN Normandy, whose great agricultural output was badly needed by the Germans and whose rich farmers they thought they could win over by appealing to their greed, the Nazis made some efforts, during the early days of the occupation, to conciliate the people, but in Brittany they did not attempt to be "correct." They knew it was hopeless. The Bretons started to kill German soldiers eight days after the invaders arrived, in June of

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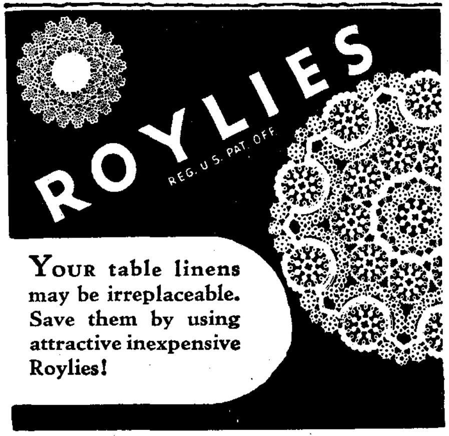
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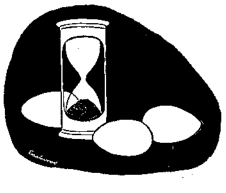
1940, and the ambushes and reprisals, the attacks on German road convoys and executions of hostages, never ceased. Now Bretons of the F.F.I., armed in part with Sten guns dropped from Allied airplanes and in larger measure with captured German rifles and machine pistols, scour the woods and side roads, rounding up bands of German soldiers who have been outdistanced by the rapid American advance along the main roads.



Small parties of Frenchmen are bringing in scores of prisoners. The fight has gone out of these Germans. They hide in the woods not because they have any hope of rejoining the German forces, by now many miles to the east, but because they are afraid that if the French capture them they will be killed. This fear is unfounded, because the F.F.I. detachments are now officially a part of the French Army and observe the Geneva conventions as carefully as the American and British troops.

In the fighting for such places as St. Malo and Lorient, the patriots have frequently been able to cut German communications before the Americans arrive. They also take a considerable part in any sort of fighting in which straight shooting and a knowledge of terrain can offset heavy weapons, which the patriots do not as yet possess. Sometimes the resistance soldiers capture a town before the Americans get there, and our armored column arrives to find the local garrison already under lock and key. In one such town, I talked to the only avowed collaborationist I have met. He was a pot-bellied little man of fifty-six, with a face that was puffed from a beating some women had given him. "They were widows of men he betrayed to the militia," a resistance man who had brought me to see the collaborationist in his prison informed me. The pot-bellied man was locked in a cell of the Gendarmerie. He lay on a concrete dais, which was the nearest thing to a bed the cell contained, his grotesque, almost feminine figure wearing a dressing gown and blood-stained pajamas. Some resistance men had gone to his house and dragged him from his bed at night. His head was swathed in a turban of bandages; he looked like the self-portrait of Hogarth wearing a nightcap. "No, no, I didn't betray them!" he cried to me. "I never betrayed them! It's a lie!" He added, surprisingly, "I'm willing to be shot as a collaborator, but not for having betrayed those men. Somebody told the women I had betrayed their husbands, but it isn't so." In the cell with me, the collaborator, and my guide, who was a small, nervous fellow with the three slanting gold chevrons of a sergeant on the lapel of his civilian jacket, were a young gendarme in a tan uniform and black leather leggings and a great, heavy-set farmer armed with a German rifle, who was serving as the prisoner's special guard.

All three Frenchmen began to argue with the prisoner at once.

"You know that you talked to the militia the day before they jumped those fellows!" cried the sergeant. "And then, animal, the night after they murdered our men, you had the officers of the militia to dinner at your house!"

"Shut up, thing of filth!" the gendarme thundered, from professional habit, even though the prisoner wasn't speaking.

"It wasn't you who always had a good word to say for the Boche, *hein?*" the farmer rumbled.

"Yes," the man on the concrete dais said, "I was pro-German. I acknowledge it. I worked for them. I took money from them. It is finished for me. I want to be shot."

"Let me get this straight," I said. "You want to be shot?"

"Yes," he said.

"*Il n'est pas difficile, vous voyez,*" the gendarme said to me. "A curious mentality."

The sergeant said, "He's an architect. He built barracks and blockhouses for the Germans. Aren't you ashamed of yourself, miserable object—you, an educated man?" he howled at the prisoner.

The pot-bellied man looked fixedly at the wall without replying.

"Why did you work for the Germans? Did you think they could win?" I asked.

"Not after the Allied landing," he said, "but then it would have been disgusting to change. I could have run away, but I stayed. I am willing to be shot."

WE walked out into the courtyard of the Gendarmerie. Seven gendarmes and their families were living in the barracks. All of them had been active in the resistance movement and they were very happy now. The Germans had not trusted them; they had taken away all their ammunition except nine bullets apiece for their old-fashioned revolvers. “They were right, of course,” one of the gendarmes said to me. “We were all against them. Any time the Gestapo told us they wanted a man, we warned him. They told us as little as possible after the first few months of the occupation. The militia did their dirty work. Once a band of militiamen even attacked the Gendarmerie and we had to beat them off with our nine rounds apiece. They have no guts.” The militia, the Germans’ only reliable auxiliary in the effort to keep France down, was recruited from French convicts, who were released from jail and given what amounted to a full license to pillage and torture in a society that had rejected them. They particularly hated the gendarmes because the gendarmes had their records. “We had a Maquis group of about eighty men here,” the sergeant told me. “Here, in northern Brittany, there isn’t cover for large groups of resistants, as there is in the wilder regions. But these were men of quality, most of them noncommissioned officers in the old Army. On the night of June seventh, one day after the American landing in Normandy, the men of the Maquis were going to attack a German road convoy moving north toward Normandy. The man you have just seen betrayed them. He knew that everybody in the countryside hated him. Children made fun of him. Women spat at him. He hated us all. That evening two hundred militiamen and Gestapo agents attacked our fellows. They had machine guns, mortars, and grenades. We had a German machine pistol, perhaps twenty rifles, and one revolver. We killed twenty-one of them. They took only fifteen prisoners. The militiamen loaded them into two trucks and started toward Rennes, where they intended to take them to Gestapo headquarters. But one of the trucks turned aside and drove to a quarry near here. It had eight prisoners in it—seven Frenchmen and one American. The American was a parachutist who had landed here on June sixth. The Maquis had fitted him out with civilian clothes, so that he would not be spotted. The militia refused to admit that he was a soldier, although he had his identity discs. They were found on his body later. They stripped him and the other fellows and tortured them—tore out their fingernails, crushed their most sensitive parts, that sort of thing, so that they would give information about the Maquis. Then they took them to the edge of the quarry and shot them, so that their bodies fell over the cliff. Then some

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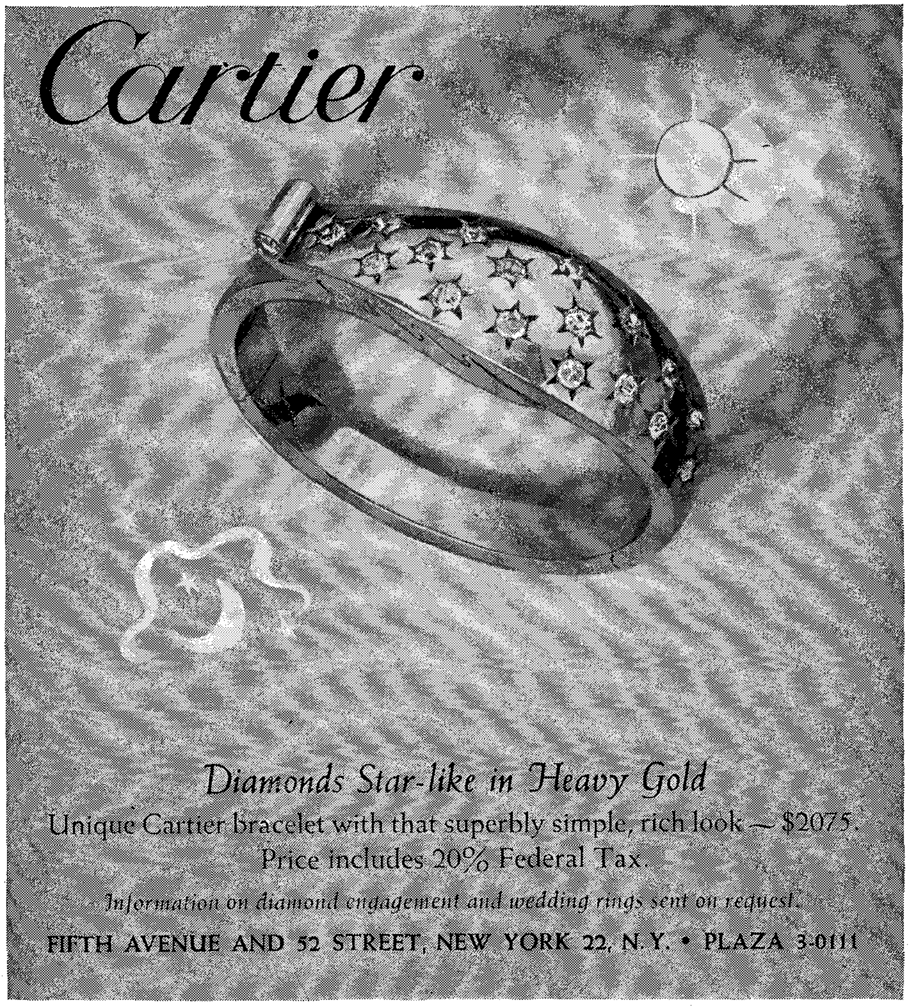

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of the bastards climbed down and finished off one or two survivors with pistols. They told nobody. A farmer who saw the shootings informed the gendarmes, and they climbed down next day and got the bodies. Now you understand why this man will not admit he gave them the information and why he wants to be shot. He does not want to be released from jail, Monsieur. It would be the worst thing that could happen to him."

This town had been able to muster a hundred and fifty armed men the moment the American armor swept down through Avranches and headed toward Brittany. The Maquis proper were now being helped by all the other active resistants, men who had continued to live in their homes and work at their trades under the eyes of the Germans. The local chief of resistance was a sly, merry man with a double qualification for his rôle. He was district tax collector, so he knew everybody's business and had a good excuse to circulate everywhere and correspond with everybody, and he was the greatest poacher in the countryside, so he knew all the trails through the woods. He was also, as I subsequently found out, a discriminating collector of old Calvados and Armagnac. His principal aides were the town's leading physician—an elegant, youngish man, clean-shaven and wearing shell-rimmed glasses to indicate his modernity, but retaining the black worsted jacket and striped trousers that symbolize the professional man—and a florid, smiling, thick-fingered man who owned a local bus line. They, like the tax collector, had perfect reasons for travelling a great deal and seeing many people. The couriers between the district organization and the regional headquarters in the nearest city were several pretty young women of good families who rode their bicycles along the highways, as it has become normal for young women in France to do when they want to go anywhere. The leaders used to meet in the shop of the town milliner; they were constantly taking hats there for their wives—"God knows it's impossible to get anything new in France and the only way for women to freshen up a little is to have something done to an old hat." The Germans, as soon as they took over the town, had ordered the surrender of all firearms on penalty of death, but the local F.F.I. had assembled a small stock, mostly by killing German soldiers and militiamen who were carrying particularly tempting items.

In the town there was a large hospital, which before the war had been a tuberculosis sanatorium. When the Americans began their advance, it had a couple of hundred German wounded, and the German field commander had sent a detachment of troops to protect their evacuation. The resistance men captured both the hospital and the protecting detachment, mostly by bluff. Other F.F.I. patrols lay in ambush on the side roads off the Avranches-Rennes highway because they surmised that small detachments might try to escape along these byways and make their way to a German port garrison. They captured three hundred and fifty men in all. It was a clean-up job that would have occupied a couple of infantry companies for a week. "We were very anxious the night before the Americans reached this town," the tax collector told me. "There we were, with all these prisoners, in the dark, only one guard to each twenty prisoners, and we were afraid that some fanatic among the Germans might talk the others into attacking us. But nothing happened." Then he showed me a receipt an American M.P. officer had given him for a hundred and seventy-five unwounded or slightly damaged prisoners.

The seriously wounded Nazis and the German doctors were still in the hospital the day I went to see the place. I was taken to the office of the chief surgeon. He was a swarthy, square-shouldered Bavarian in his middle thirties, with a decent enough face. He had taken good care of several wounded resistance men, I was told. I asked him why the German soldiers had let themselves be disarmed by a handful of French with a few guns. He insisted that all the Germans had been seriously wounded and bedridden. I asked him if he thought the war was over, as far as Germany was concerned, and he said yes, the war was lost. "Three million Germans have been killed or wounded to save Europe from Bolshevism," he said, assuming that martyred look which the Germans always used to put on when, as "reasonable men," they discussed the last war with Americans they took for suckers. I could see a new myth—which would replace the "stab in the back" and the "English plot"—building up in the muddy, Teutonic mind, and I felt just like kicking the doctor in the seat of the pants. —A. J. LIEBLING

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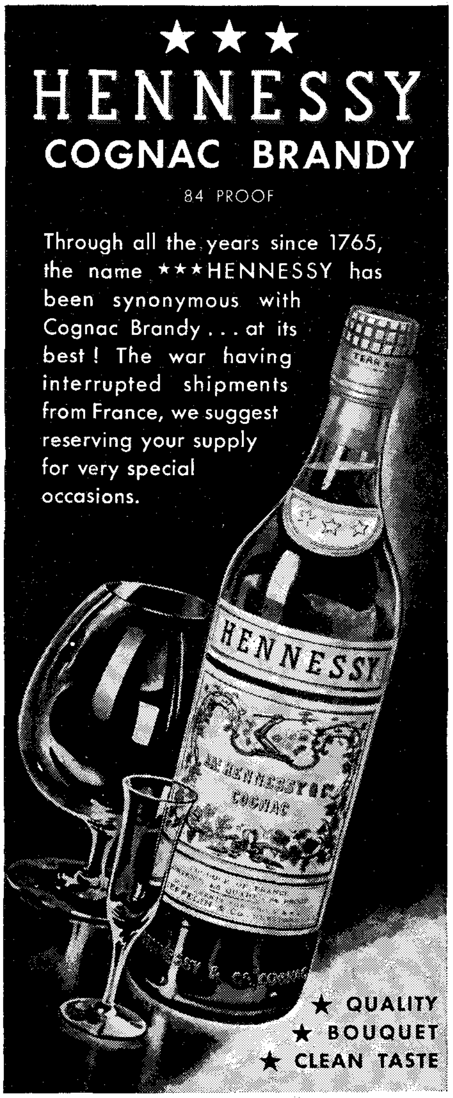

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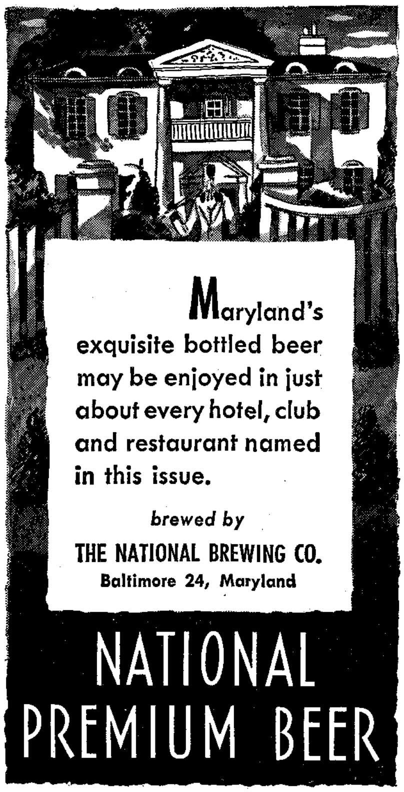

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THE RACE TRACK

Movie Hero

THE Saratoga Handicap at Belmont last Saturday was a race to remember, even if you weren't smart enough to have a ticket on Harry Warner's Paperboy, who won it and paid a $36.80 mutuel. There hasn't been a better show on the tracks this season and it was put on by one of the best collections of racers I've seen assembled in a long time. It's true that Paperboy carried only 103 pounds, the lightest weight of the lot, but it is also true that he had a lot of serious challenges in the course of the mile and a quarter and was able to peg back all of them. In case you have never paid much attention to Paperboy (and I would be surprised if you had), he is by Papyrus, the Derby Stakes winner who was beaten over here by Zev in that $100,000 international match in 1923. Warner imported him from England several years ago, when all the Hollywood producers were treating themselves to stables. He runs in the name and colors of the W-L Ranch. That's the ranch from which, on the advice of some merry horseman or other, a couple of large hills were removed so that the thoroughbreds on the place would get the bracing breezes of the Pacific.

I was sorry that Devil Diver didn't win the Saratoga Handicap, especially after the excellent showing he made in taking the Whitney Stakes. On Saturday he went well for a mile and then dropped back, finishing just ahead of First Fiddle, who ran last. Perhaps the foot trouble that has kept Devil Diver out of the big money for two years stopped him again, or perhaps the 135 pounds he carried did him in. At any rate, it was sporting of Mrs. Payne Whitney to start him. If certain owners whom you could name without any prompting from me had as good a horse as Devil Diver, they would be wrangling interminably with the handicapper to get their pet into races under the lightest possible weight. Oh, well, if Devil Diver had won the Handicap, he might have seemed just too wonderful. Incidentally, Princequillo went very lame trying to beat Paperboy and won't run again this season.

I'M tempted to be even more enthusiastic over Pavot's victory in the Grand Union Hotel Stakes than over any of his other successes. Burning Dream, who disposed of Flood Town so neatly earlier in the week, was down the course behind him, which should settle any arguments. I suppose you know that Pavot is now the leading money-winning two-year-old in the East; the $16,100 he picked up in the Grand Union brought his total to $73,435.

The Spinaway Stakes was as higgledy-piggledy a scramble as any at the Saratoga meeting, and no one even tried to pretend the weather was to blame. Ace Card, Pavot's stablemate, who won the Schuylerville, managed to finish second, but Ed Bradley's entry, Busher and Be Faithful, the favorites, were out of the money altogether. The winner was a good-looking filly named Price Level, a cousin of Level Best (remember her?), and she paid 18–1. Level Best, you may recall, a few years ago found a new way to lose the Spinaway, or any other race. As she left the starting gate, her blinkers got tangled in it and her head was slapped against the side of the contraption. Her jockey said afterward that the accident so discouraged her that she was perfectly satisfied to finish third.

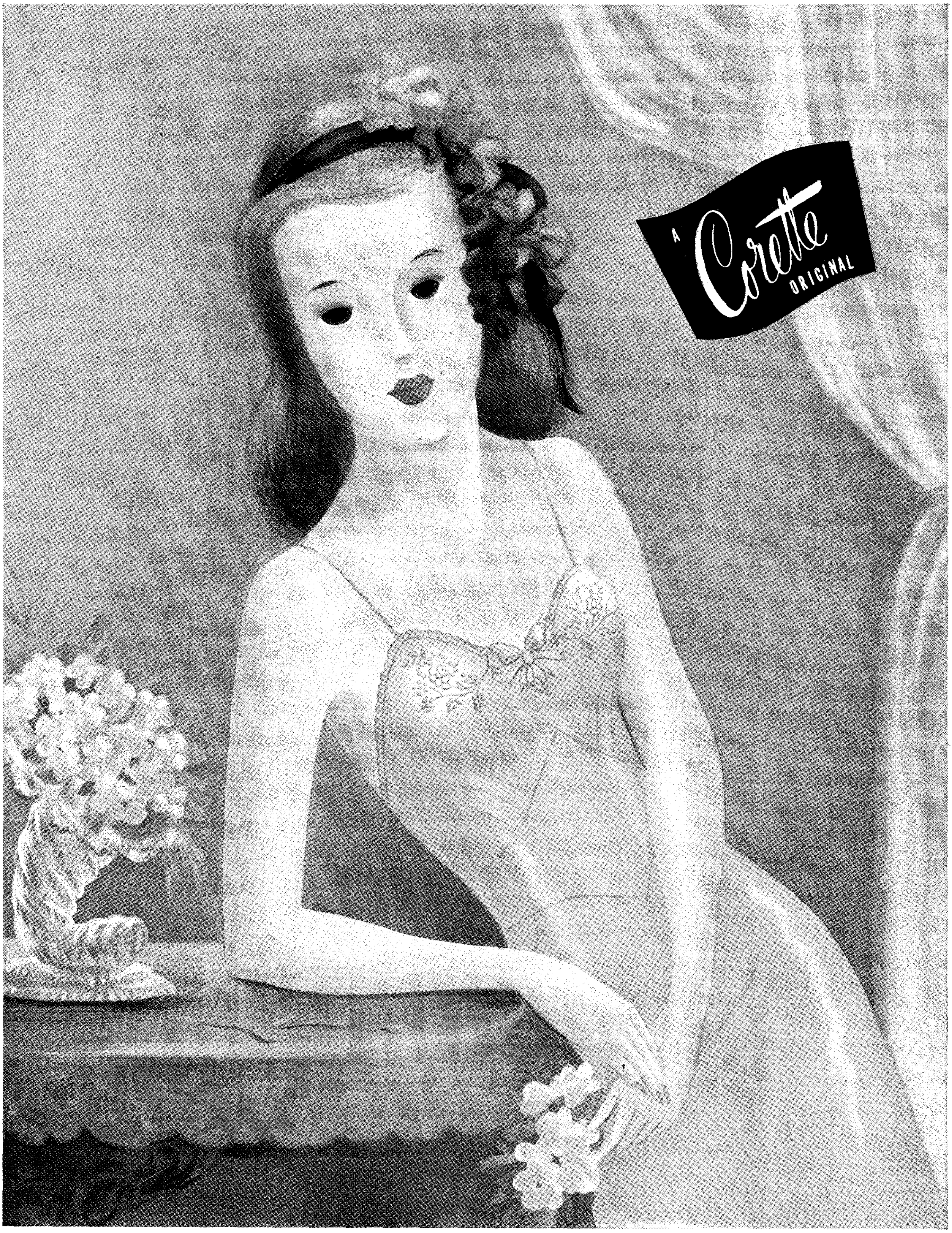
I'LL string along with those who prefer a good sprint, such as the Gideon Putnam Handicap turned out to be, to those mile-and-a-half affairs that improve neither the breed of the thoroughbred nor the tempers of horseplayers. While I'm being frank, I might as well say that the one good jumping race of the meeting was the North American Steeplechase, won by Ossabaw, who is ten years old. That ought to give you a rough idea of the state our steeplechasing is in.
—AUDAX MINOR

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Cameron (Mo.) News-Observer*]

The fact that his children were urgent in their desire that he go to church Sunday morning did not arouse any suspicion in the mind of John Rice, of northeast of Cameron, and donning his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, he and his wife motored in. Not until they were in sight of home on their return and noticed a number of autos and buggies about the place, did they begin to wonder.



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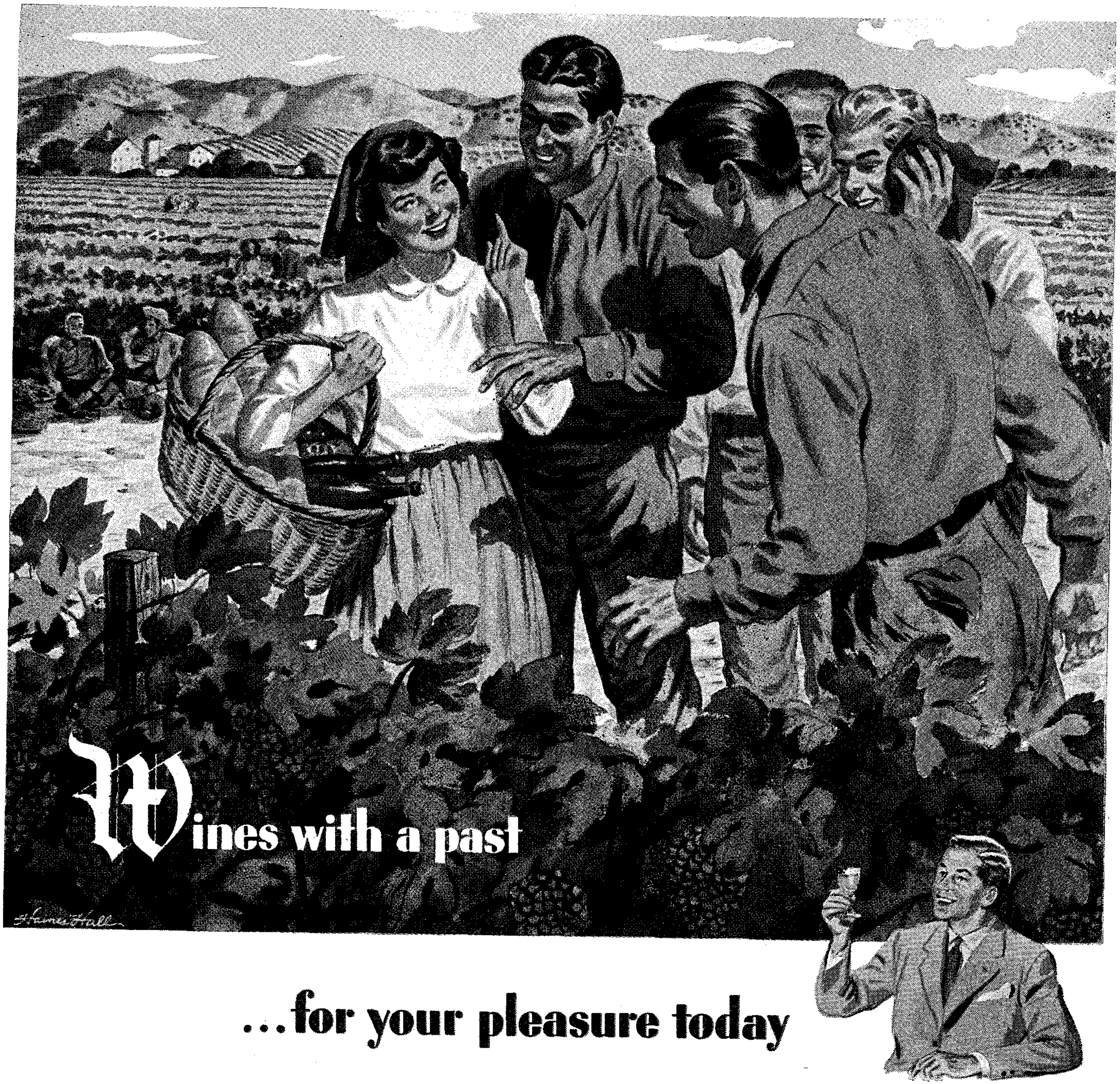
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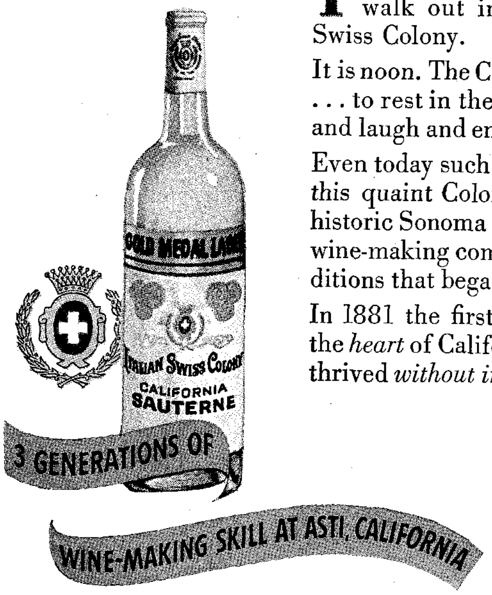
Even today such a friendly scene is common at this quaint Colony in the hills of California's historic Sonoma County. For this is an unusual wine-making community, carrying on many traditions that began in the early eighties.

In 1881 the first vines were planted. Here in the *heart* of California's fine-wine country, they thrived *without irrigation,* as in great European wine districts. And from the sun-drenched grapes the Colonists made wines that soon were winning gold medals at world expositions.

Perhaps you cannot visit the fascinating vineyards of Asti. But you *can* have a bit of this Colony *brought to you* . . . in the form of its delightful table wines. Won't you try Tipo Red or White, for example? Or Gold Medal Label California Burgundy or Sauterne. You'll find these wines superbly fragrant and flavorful—as remarkable as the Colony itself.

Also . . . try Italian Swiss Colony's famous sweet dessert wines . . . such as Private Stock California Port, Sherry and Muscatel.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NO NAMEE

FOR a long time I looked wistfully at station-wagon doors bearing such legends as Eyesore, Hunky-Dory, and Wee Hame, and finally I undertook a modest research in the field of house and estate names. Now, after further examination of station-wagon doors and a careful reading of the contents of a volume called "Social Register—Summer—All Cities," I am prepared to present the results of my studies.

Place names are not easy to classify, but I have tried to group them in a few simple categories:

1. Names in Reverse.
2. Conjugal Combinations.
3. Whimsies and Puns.
4. Cryptograms.
5. Depreciatory Names.
6. Wishful-Thinking Names.
7. French and Indian Names.

The first group presents no difficulties to the classifier. Names in Reverse are those devised by the owners of country properties who, disdaining simple, arboreal fancies like Maplecroft, The Poplars, and Pine Ledge, contrive, by turning their own names hindside before, such curiosities as Nosredna (Anderson), Nitsua (Austin), Droffig (Gifford), Nomad (Damon), Elyod (Doyle), or Notluf Farm (Fulton).

These ingenious devices are very popular, but even so, they are not so plentiful as the Conjugal Combinations. Here we find Ha-Phil Farm (Hazel-Philip), Virmar (Virginia-Martin), Wiso (William-Sophia), and the exuberant Hi-Esmaro (Hiram-Estelle-Manville-Romaine). Should the members of these marital mergers divorce, I wonder what would become, for example, of good old Ludor (Louis-Dorothy) and cozy Wilmary?

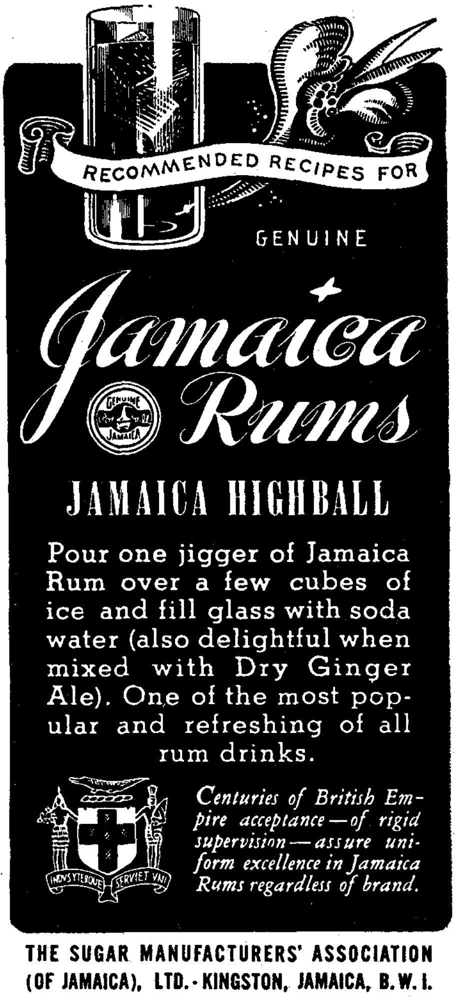
Mildly distressing though these pleasantries may be, I found much worse when I came to study the division which, for want of a better name, I have called the Whimsies and Puns. The authors of the fantasies in this group are incorrigible. May cabbage worms, root maggots, blister beetles, and thrips lay waste the acres of those responsible for such drolleries as Sotobed, Suitsme, Sideways, Welcomyn, Biltover, Onatru Farm, Gatherem, Thrurovin, and an endless series of Duns, from Dunover, Dunrenten, Dunwurkin, Dunwanderin, and Dundrillin to Dunbanken and its ominous companion Dunrobin.

How can one feel kindly toward the owner of Notquita Farm, Mettawee House, Ruffinmede, Chancit, or Ballyracket? How reward the perpetrators of Lyonsden (belonging to a family named Daniel) and of such an ornithological monstrosity as Ternguloon? Of Justamere House, Chatter Box, Covin Tree, and Kilguest? And what of the uxorious simpletons who dreamed up Ediewantsit, Sutzanna, and Haderway?

The punning names seem to fall into three main groups. First, there are those place names in which the jest seems to lie in combining the owner's name with a playful description of the property: Wickwam (Wickwire), Huideway (Huidekoper), Quagmeyer (Meyer), and Torohill (Bull). This group is so large that I found it difficult to make a selection, but the following examples are at least a fair sample: Scottage (Scott), Potluck (Potts), Butler's Pantry (Butler), Camelot (Campbell), Klose Quarters (Klose), Time 'n' Tide (Timanus), Oaces (O. A. Campbell), Pflager Pfarms (Pflager), and my two particular favorites, Letts Stay (Letts) and Borden Lodging (Borden).

The second division of punning names contains the simon-pure puns, naked and unashamed. The most obvious classes of these are the Acres and the Ends. The Acres start with the banal Backacres and Headacres, and, working up through Mine-Acres and Wiseacres, arrive at Bob Acres, with its literary allusion. Professional clowns have also been attracted to the Ends—Rope's End, for example, and Wit's End, the modest name for the late Alexander Woollcott's city apartment.

The final lot of punning names differs from these last only in the degree of waggery evidenced. It is hard to be patient with the authors of Mostly Hall, Lesurlea, and Weethree Farm, and I have wasted plenty of valuable time in thinking up punishments to fit such crimes as Widow's Peek, Low Brow, Tiny Timbers (literary again), Tinker's Dam, Hob Knob, Upson Downs, Draftee Dream, Holm Run,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and, finally, those two supreme examples of nautical archness, De Lights and An Kor Age.

The most exasperating of all house and estate names are the Cryptograms, composed by the people whose peculiar delight it is *not* to be understood: Toto Shamba, Roxiticus, Haljim, Aramink, and Tibath. What on earth do Cockade-on-Pentacres and Pnegokihlasis look like, and couldn't the rural cabalists give just a tiny clue to Framdan, Asiapum, Bouie Wa Wa, and The Quid?

THE next category is the Depreciatory Names, such as The Dust Pan, The Ugly Duckling, Sag House, and Soursoil Farm. Why bother at all to give a name to your cherished house if the best you can do is Weed High, No View, or Skeyblott? The owners of The Baitcan and Bottleneck undoubtedly would not exchange them for Azay-le-Rideau or Blenheim. Such hypocritical reproaches as Bedlum, Tick Hall, Snarling Hollow, Bungle House, and Calamity Farm don't fool anyone.

The antitheses of the Depreciatory Names are the Wishful-Thinking Names. Like Presidential candidates who have to convince the public that their happiest hours are spent spading manure and driving a disc harrow, most city people who buy a piece of property in the country try to persuade themselves as well as their friends that they were raised on a farm, or at least that they have now gone back to the land and are living the life of their pioneer forefathers. There is something touching about naming a tiny property, which consists of a couple of unfruitful acres, able to support only a deck-tennis set and a patch of petunias, Bayberry Farm, Blueberry Farm, or Canaan Pastures.

Then there are the French names, which I have divided into the French Bromides and the French Artful. To the first division belongs the old reliable Sans family: Sans Peur, Sans Gêne, Sans Souci, the grim Sans Repos, and the grimmer Sans Femme de Chambre, along with a spate of Bagatelles, Mon Trésors, the ungrammatical Ma Folies En Bas, the En Hauts, and the En Fins. Far more imaginative are the French Artful: Châteaubrien (Château O'Brien) and its gastronomic partner Audevie, Du Côté de Chez Swan (the owner's maiden name was Swan), Chaynou, Shangri L'Art, and Fir Côte.

There remains a saving remnant of patriots, faithful to our native traditions, who give their shingled tepees and stuccoed wigwams names like Skatutahkee, Mantowtasquott, and Niamaug. I

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have designated these the Honest Indian names, in contradistinction to the Indian Phonies. What would Leatherstocking have thought of Kumtuit, Munnysunk, Itsasoan (It's His Own), or Waywayanda? How would the little Hiawatha have cared for Winani, Wa-a-wa, Wunnegin, and Betatakin? Wouldn't Makatkwik, Kavingin, and Caplunk have started the Six Nations on the war path?

My husband and I have often been asked why we have never given a name to our fifteen acres of crab-grass-covered Long Island moraine, and, taking pity upon us, gifted friends have many times offered to help us christen the place. King's Cross (our name is King), King's Evil, and Little King's Park (after a nearby asylum named Kings Park) have been proposed.

Once, driving through New Hampshire in the autumn, we passed a cluster of cabins by a lonely lake. A tasteful arch of silver birch made an entrance to the reservation, proclaiming, in rustic letters at least three feet high: "No Namee." This confession of failure made a profound impression upon us, and we vowed never to raise our sights above R. F. D. 1 and P. O. Box 357.

—EDITH MORGAN KING

•

John Garfield plays himself in "Hollywood Canteen," but his real self is so unlike his movie self that Warners want him to remake his scenes so he'll be less like himself and more like his screen self. —*Dorothy Manners in the Journal-American.*

The hell with it.

•

GETTING RID of circular library table; Winchester rifle, 12 gauge; General Electric refrigerator belt; full dress suit cutaway, size 42; electric paint mixer; 7-piece hostess set; child's sandbox; and complete set of Havelock Ellis. What am I bid? Box 285-J.—*Adv. in the Saturday Review of Literature.*

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•

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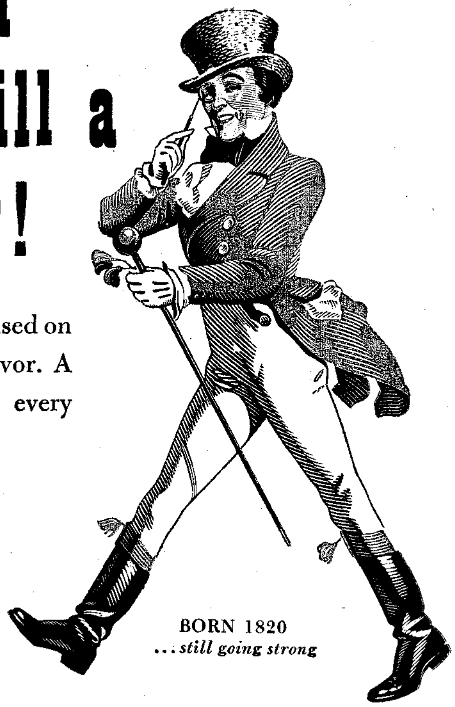

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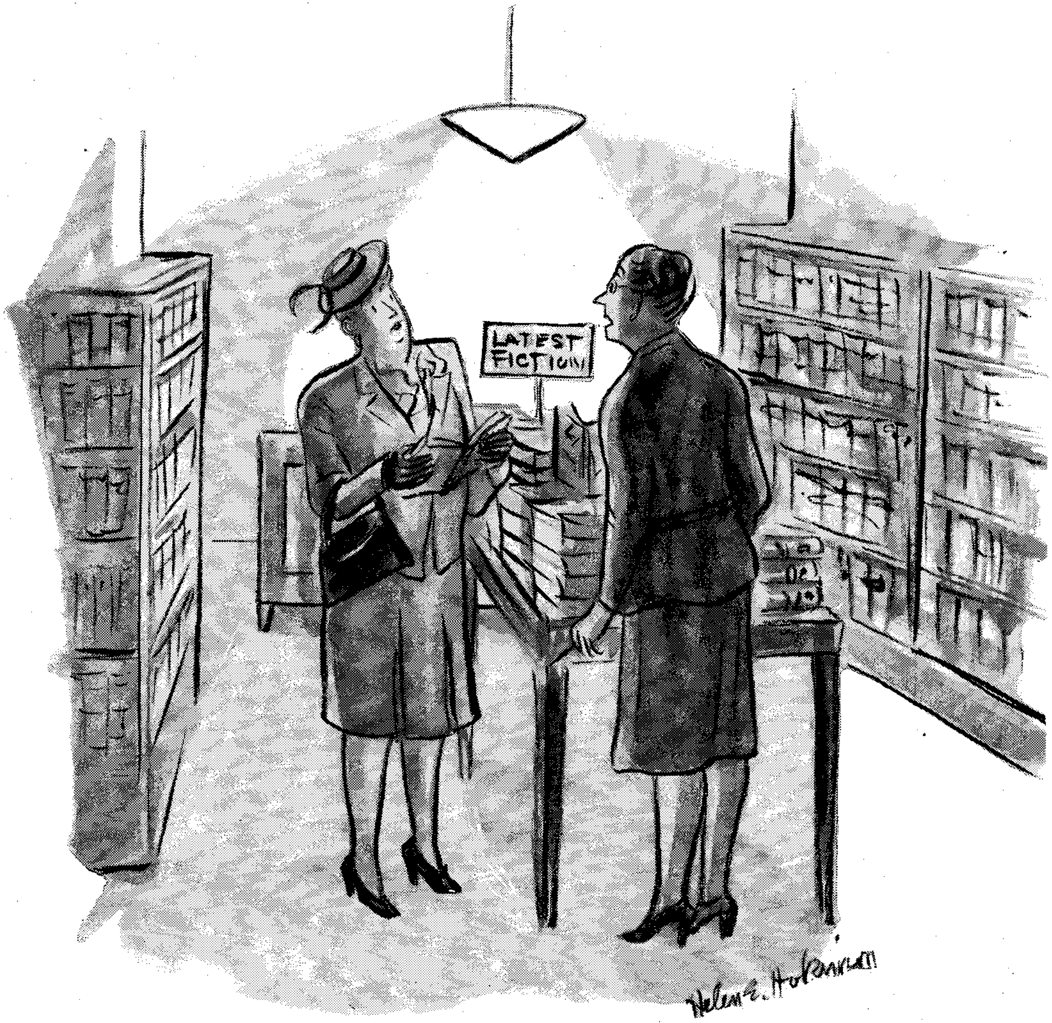
BOOKS

"You Can't Do This to Me!" Shrilled Celia: Inquiry into a Current Best-Seller

"THE ROBE," by Lloyd C. Douglas, has become, from the point of view of sales, one of the great literary successes of all time. Published in October, 1942, it stood at one time at the head of the best-seller list for fiction for eleven consecutive months, and is still well up toward the top. It has sold, in less than two years, one million, four hundred and fifty thousand copies, and the publishers estimate that it has been read by five times that number of people. Houghton Mifflin, with their restricted supply of paper, have twice had the book reset in order to reduce the number of pages, and have had to resort to other special economies to meet the demand at all. They have announced, in the *Publishers' Weekly*, a vast new advertising campaign for August, and one sometimes gets the impression that they have ceased to publish any other books. One of their publicity releases reports that a copy of "The Robe," auctioned off at the opening of the Fifth War Loan Drive, brought $525,000 in War Bonds.

It is time, then, for this department, which did not mention "The Robe" when it first came out, to take cognizance of Dr. Douglas. I have procured a copy of the book and gone through it, and what I have found is rather surprising. Instead of the usual trash aimed at Hollywood and streamlined for the popular magazines, one is confronted with something that resembles an old-fashioned historical novel for young people. Here is the tone of the opening page: "Because she was only fifteen and busy with her growing up, Lucia's periods of reflection were brief and infrequent, but this morning she felt weighted with responsibility. Last night her mother, who rarely talked to her about anything more perplexing than the advantages of clean hands and a pure heart, had privately discussed the possible outcome of Father's reckless remarks yesterday in the Senate, and Lucia, flattered by this confidence, had declared maturely that Prince Gaius wasn't in a position to do anything about it. But after she had gone to bed, Lucia began to fret. . . . They would all have to be careful now or they might get into serious trouble. The birds had awakened her early. She was not yet used to their flutterings and twitterings, for they had returned much sooner than usual, Spring having arrived and unpacked before February's lease was up. Lucia roused to a consciousness of the fret that she had taken to bed with her. It was still there, like a toothache. . . . For the past year or more, Lucia had been acutely conscious of her increasing height and rapid development into womanhood, but here on this expanse of tessellated tiling she always felt very insignificant. . . . No matter how old she became, she would be ever a child here."

There are five hundred and fifty-six pages of this. It is a story of the Roman Empire in the days of early Christianity, and its appeal is exactly the same as that of "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Quo Vadis?," and "Ben Hur." The surface has been brought up to date by diluting the old, grandiose language of the novel of ancient Rome with a jargon which sounds as if Dr. Douglas had picked it up during the years when, as the publishers' leaflet tells us, he was a counsellor of college students at the Universities of Michigan and Illinois. The aristocratic Romans are always saying things like "You're definitely drunk," "But what's the matter with idols? They're usually quite artistic!," "Indeed! Well—she'd better be good!," "I wouldn't know," "What do you mean—'a Christian'?" At one point a lady of Tiberius' court addresses her noble lover as follows: "You liked me



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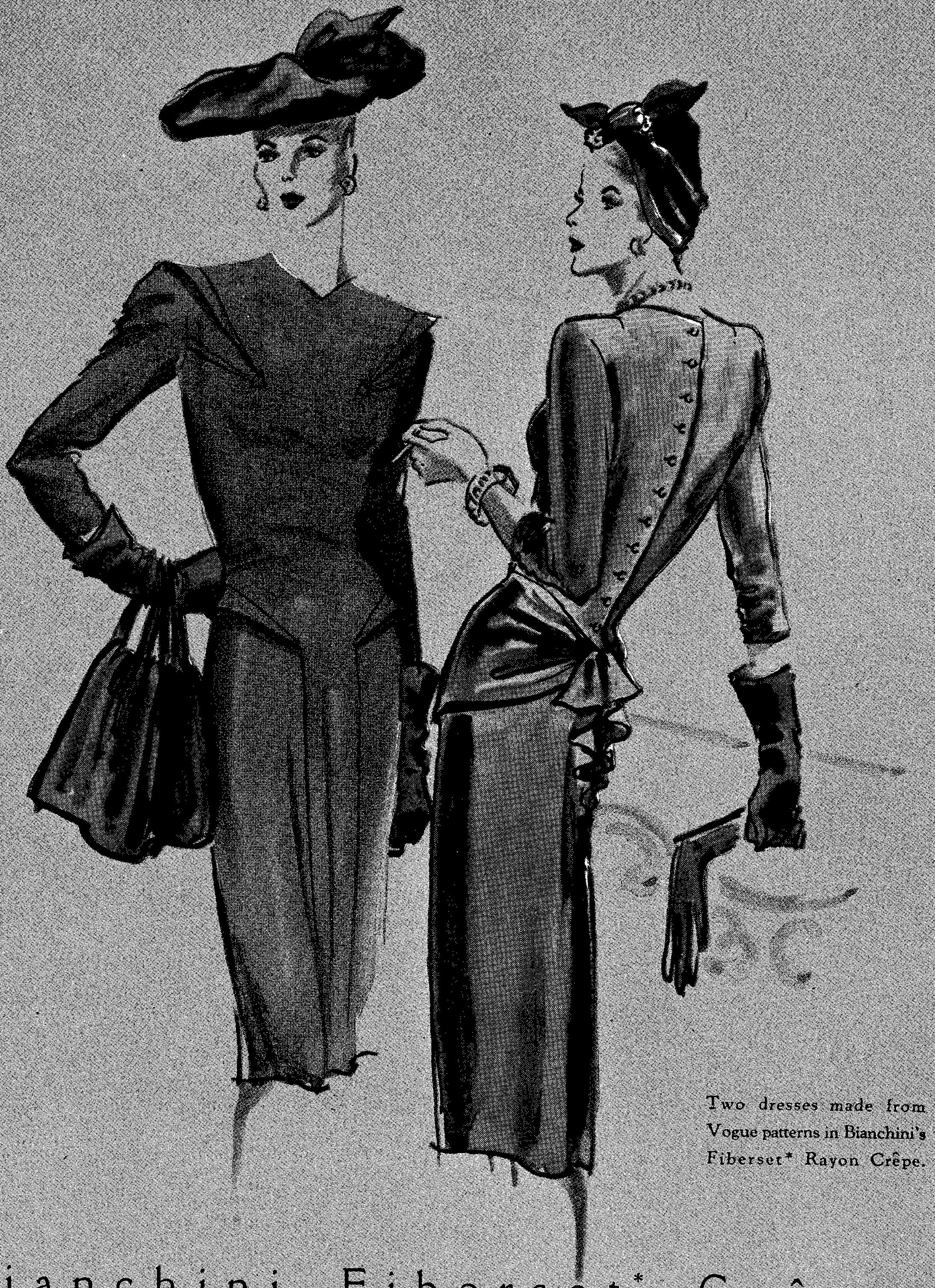

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well enough until you came here and noticed this Gallus girl's curves! And it's plain to see she despises you! . . . You can't do this to me! Where will *you* stand with Sejanus when I tell him you have treated me like an ordinary trollop?" But, for the rest, it is as leisurely, as formless, and as careful of all the maidenly proprieties as any novel of the nineteenth century. It differs from Bulwer-Lytton only in being written a good deal worse. Dr. Douglas has woven, in "The Robe," an almost unrivalled fabric of old clichés, in which one of the only attempts at a literary heightening of effect is the substitution for the simple "said" of other, more pretentious verbs—so that the characters are always shrilling, barking, speculating, parrying, wailing, wheedling, or grunting their remarks.

It is so difficult, when one first glances at "The Robe," to imagine that any literate person with even the faintest trace of literary taste could ever get through more than two pages of it for pleasure that one is astounded and terrified at the thought that seven million Americans have found something to hold them in it. What is the explanation of this? Dr. Douglas himself, in an article distinguished by both modesty and good sense ("Why I Wrote 'The Robe,'" in the June *Cosmopolitan*), has indicated a part of the answer. In the first place, he says, you can always score a success by writing a novel about Jesus, if you take care to avoid the controversies which have split the later Christians into sects. He cites "Ben Hur," which "sold more than a million copies during one of the most placid decades in American history," and a novel called "In His Steps," by a clergyman in Kansas. But there is also, perhaps, he adds, a special reason why a novel about Jesus should be widely read at this time. It is quite natural that people should find it a relief to hear about somebody who was interested in healing the blind and the crippled rather than in blinding and crippling people, and in comforting the persecuted rather than in outlawing large groups of human beings. This must certainly be true, and there are reasons why Dr. Douglas' picture of Jesus should particularly command attention. Dr. Douglas, who is a Congregational minister and the son of a country parson, has something which can only be described as old-time Christian feeling. He is a genuine man of God of the type that used to do his best in the American small-town pulpit and that the community felt it could rely on. He is an anachronism, but he represents

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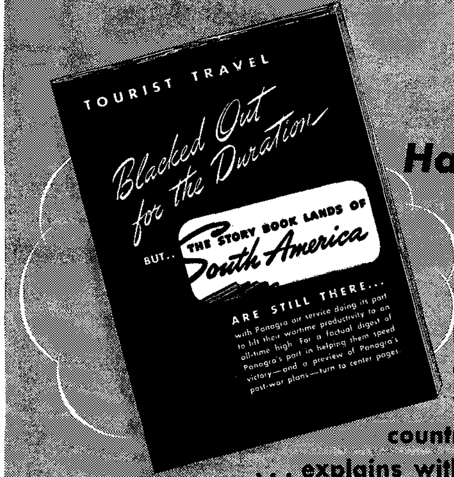
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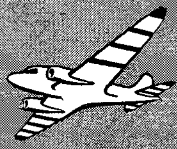

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something that many Americans are still glad to find. And, besides this, he has given to "The Robe" one virtue which can make a good bad novel, just as it constitutes a sine qua non for every really excellent one: he has imagined the whole thing for himself. "The Robe" has not been made out of other books: Dr. Douglas has lived the story—he has attempted to see for himself how the Christians would look to the Romans and how the Romans would look to the Jews. The fact that this has been done many times before does not deter Dr. Douglas or prevent him from creating in his story a certain atmosphere of suspense and adventure. He has set out to track down a conceivable Jesus in an alien but conceivable world; and his book, on its lower level, has the same kind of dramatic effect as Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan." Finally, we must count it to him for righteousness that Dr. Douglas has had the courage to let his hero and heroine, at the end of the story, be executed as martyrs to the new religion instead of leaving them on the threshold of a comfortable marriage with a starry-eyed kiss and a fadeout.

"The Robe," therefore, in comparison with the frankly faked goods that are usually put over by the trade, is a work of a certain purity, and Dr. Douglas wins a certain respect. It is rather to the credit of the public that they should prefer a long and tedious novel about the influence of the power of Jesus on the Roman who carried out the crucifixion to the livelier and easier productions which have been specially flavored to please them. It shows that people, even in our ghastly time, do long for moral light, that they cannot live by bilge alone. But that millions of Americans should be able, apparently without the least dissatisfaction, to get through five hundred and fifty pages of Dr. Douglas' five-and-ten-cent-store writing is something to give pause to anyone who may have supposed that the generation of Mencken had lifted the taste of the American public above the level of Gene Stratton-Porter and Harold Bell Wright. —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PASTORAL, by Nevil Shute (Morrow). The romance of two cheerful young people—a bomber pilot and a nice little W.A.A.F. officer on duty at an R.A.F. bomber station—made into a prettily decorated light novel. The boy and girl take long walks in the lovely Oxfordshire woods, delight in trout fishing, and converse in words of little more than one syllable. There is, of course, a plane crackup and a hairbreadth escape for the pilot at the end. A certain freshness keeps this slight story from being quite as commonplace as it sounds.

WE RIDE A WHITE DONKEY, by George Panetta (Harcourt, Brace). Cozy comedy about an Italian family in New York and the epic nonchalance with which they deal with car trouble, fecundity, and bad credit, to mention a few of the difficulties that beset them. Mama charges her wedding gifts to the recipients, Papa cheats at poker, and Uncle Louie not very accidentally leaves a lighted cigar between two bolts of cloth in Papa's factory, which, it turns out, wasn't insured after all. These and similar matters are related in a guileless, deadpan tone, and, provided you can take dialect in large doses, the chances are you'll find it quite entertaining. The white donkey is not one of the characters; he is merely part of one of those cryptic Calabrian sayings.

FINAL SCORE, by Warren Beck (Knopf). A fine first novel concerned chiefly with analyzing the hereditary and social elements in the makeup of a single person, a gristly extrovert who makes history as a football hero and acquires even greater renown with some fairly moronic and highly successful after-dinner speeches on Americanism for a sporting-goods corporation organized to exploit his name. His natural transition into politics makes the story a provocative reminder of what can happen anywhere when an ambitious and plausible lowbrow who is on the make doesn't realize for whom or what he is carrying the ball. The book, which employs the "Lord Jim" method of narrative dialogue, is a psychological autopsy of the big shot, conducted over highballs immediately after his funeral, with his former press agent doing the heavy talking. Easy reading, despite the quotes-within-quotes which are an inevitable by-product of this technique.

GENERAL

INVASION DIARY, by Richard Tregaskis (Random House). A demonstration of, among other things, the fact that current history, which has often kept novelists' tongues hanging out while they tried to catch up with her, has now completely outdistanced the

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book-writing war correspondents. Mr. Tregaskis, in this account of the Italian invasion, has turned in a job on a par with his "Guadalcanal Diary," one of the better war books, but much that he reports, so immediate and exciting at the time it was happening, already has taken on some of the mustiness of last year's headlines. Those who haven't yet caught up with those headlines, though, or who want to know more about what lay behind them, can hardly do better than to read Mr. Tregaskis's book.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE QUIEN SABE, by Lars Skattebol (Harper). The story of an old American merchant ship which, homeward bound from Africa with a load of raw materials, was sent to the bottom by a German submarine. Over half of the sixty-one men on board were lost. The others, taking to a lifeboat, spent seventeen days at sea before they were rescued. The adventures of the Quien Sabe have been duplicated by many other ships in this war, and being adrift at sea has become one of the more common occurrences of our time, but Mr. Skattebol, a landlubber who does not write like one, has turned the tale of his ship into one of the very few really worth-while recent books about the merchant marine.

THE GRAVE DIGGERS OF FRANCE, by Pertinax (Doubleday, Doran). André Géraud, who prefers to call himself Pertinax, the name under which he has made a worldwide reputation as a journalist, here tells the not entirely unfamiliar story of the fall of France in a book, long and heavily documented, which is as thorough a study of the subject as has appeared. Its thoroughness, however, tends to work against it, for while the political skulduggery that helped undermine the Third Republic is of the utmost importance to the narrative, the detailed manner in which Mr. Géraud sets it down sometimes obscures the sequence of events. The numerous other books on this subject have naturally taken the edge off much that Mr. Géraud has to say, and a lot of people will probably find fault with certain of his conclusions, but his examination of his chosen segment of history is just about the best yet.

THE GREEN CONTINENT, edited by Germán Arciniegas (Knopf). Proof, in the form of an anthology, that Latin America, while only a few of us were looking, has gone ahead and developed a highly articulate if not especially powerful literature of its own. The selections in this book, drawn from the works of thirty-two writers, all of whom have substantial reputations in their own countries, maintain a high level of excellence and present a picture of Latin America and the Latin American mind that not many North Americans know anything about. Mr. Arciniegas has done a particularly able job of editing and should be awarded a solid-gold good-neighbor medal for assembling an anthology that can be lifted by just one man.

GERMANY, by George N. Shuster and Arnold Bergstraesser (Norton). A compact history, from medieval times to the attack on Poland, of the most delinquent member of the family of nations. The authors couldn't do much about the fact that German history, like German cooking, is a little heavy, and some of that heaviness has crept into their prose, but they have managed to produce a readable and informative summary of Germany. Maps.

JAMES JOYCE 1882-1941, by Thornton Wilder (Steiner). A little memorial essay, written at the time of Joyce's death. Some acute observations by one novelist on another. Joyce alone, says Wilder, has been able "to suggest the apparent incoherence and triviality" of the "incessant woolgathering" of the mind "and yet to impose upon it a coördination beyond itself, in art."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

BLOOD UPON THE SNOW, by Hilda Lawrence (Simon & Schuster). Mark East, a private detective masquerading as the secretary of an elderly and nervous man named Stoneman, investigates the death of the second maid, Florrie, in the remote and snowbound house in which Stoneman and some friends are living. Everything creaks at night, the lady of the house tries to jump out a window, and East is puzzled by the general confusion almost up to the last minute. Nice writing, but the plot could be simpler.

•

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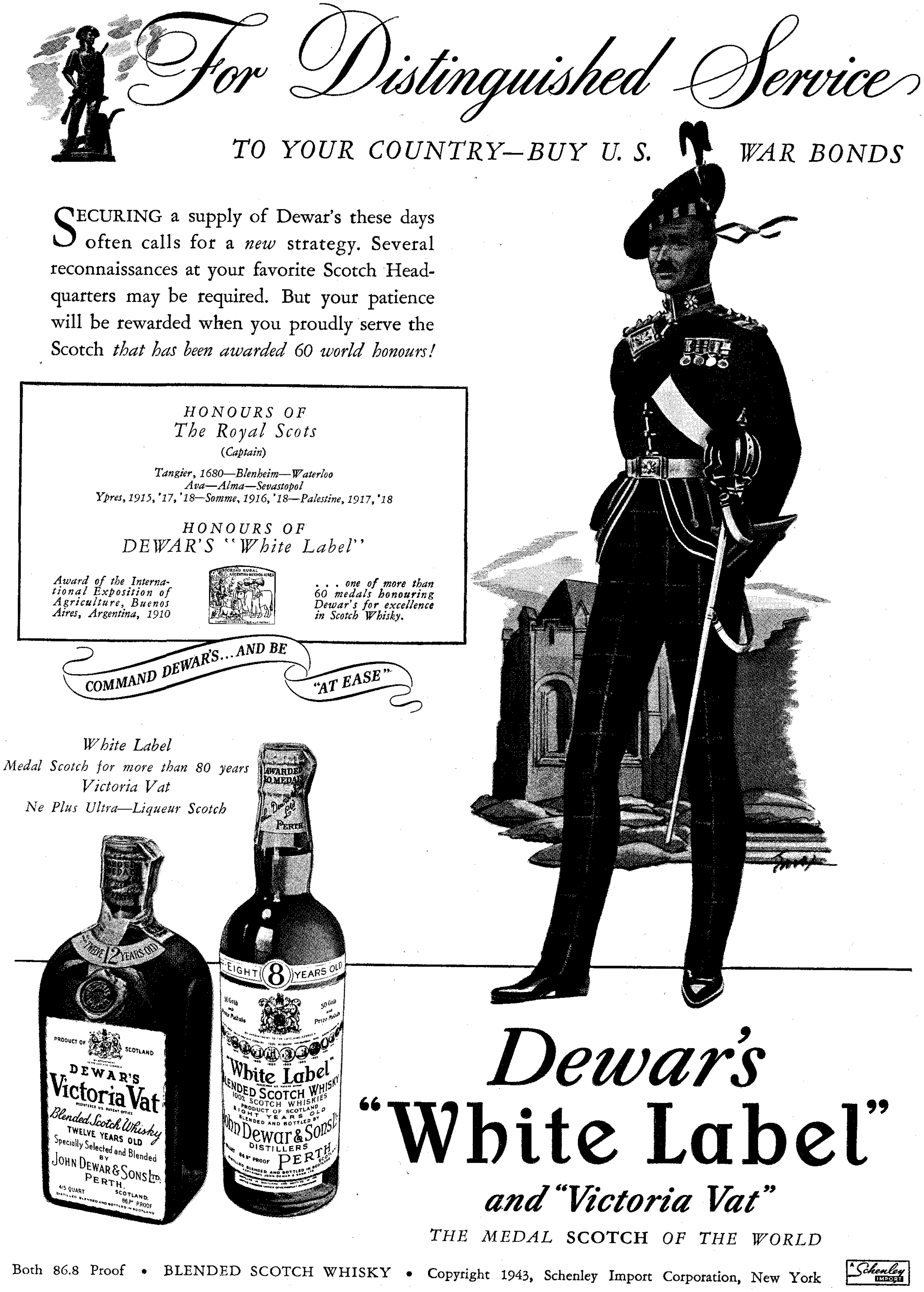
—*Page 4.*



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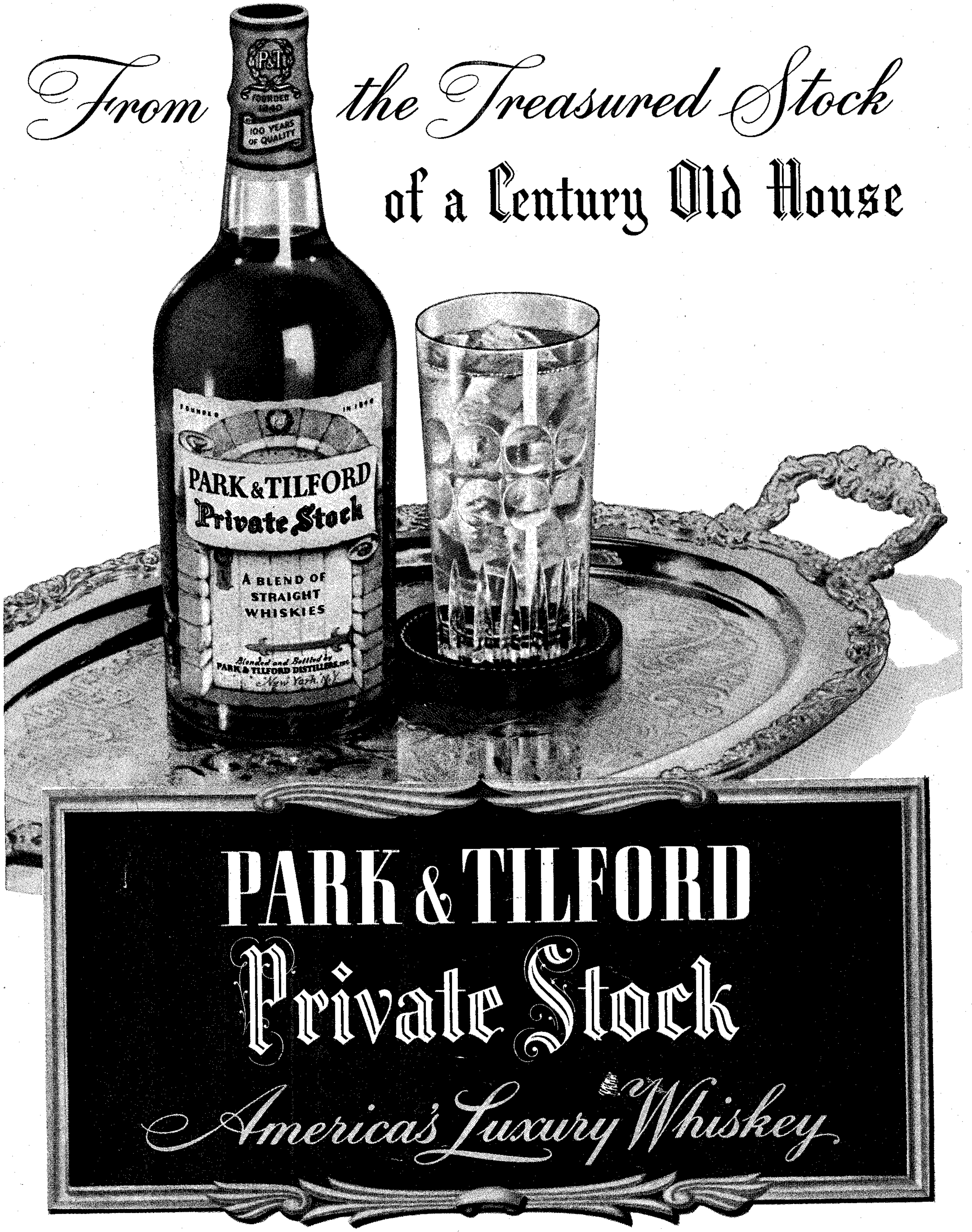
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